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The singer will need eagle feathers, a deer- or elk-hoof rattle, and a supply of pollen, white clay, red ocher, and specular iron ore. Required for the ceremony also are a basket tray, usually made from the black outer covering of the unicorn plant; skins on which the girl will kneel or lie during certain parts of the ceremony; and other ritual objects. If the singer or attendant does not have these at hand, the girl's parents must make or procure them.

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The origin of the rite.—White Painted Woman is usually credited with the establishment of the puberty rite. Often associated with her in this undertaking is her son.

It was not until Child of the Water was rid of all the monsters and evil things, until there were many people and the different tribes began to be seen, that the big tepee [girl's puberty rite] was known.

There was a woman who had a daughter who was almost grown. It was time for her to have her first flow. Then Child of the Water and White Painted Woman showed them what to do; this good time was given to the people.

They gave a little feast this first day when she menstruated. Then, after this first day, the relatives of this girl went out and hunted and got everything together so that they could give a big feast. They did this in the fall when there was plenty of fruit and many good things of all kinds. They got a man to sing for her in the tepee. The best masked dancers were got ready. They made them, not in camp, but way off in the mountains and led them in. The spruce trees were cut down for the tepee.

Then, when all was ready, they let many know, and they came from far places. All were invited. The celebration was held for four days. The people had a good time at the dancing. First came the masked dancers. Child of the Water and White Painted Woman gave the people the round dance to enjoy, but this was not to begin until after the performance of the masked dancers was over. After that came the partner dances.

The last two nights the masked dancers remained on the grounds until all the dancing was over. Even the masked dancers took part in the social dancing with their masks pulled to the top of their heads. And the clown was there. The clown, too, danced with women who wished to dance with him. He carried his headdress.

Important incidents of the rite and their respective order are foreshadowed in this narrative. In another account major honors for the establishment of this ritual practice go to White Painted Woman:

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White Painted Woman said, "From here on we will have the girl's puberty rite. When the girls first menstruate, you shall have a feast. There shall be songs for these girls. During this feast the masked dancers shall dance in front. After that there shall be round dancing and face-to-face dancing."

Other information, however, emphasizes the importance of the culture hero for this ceremony. "They do this ceremony according to the way Child of the Water directed them," said one spokesman; and another asserted that the culture hero "is the founder of this whole thing."

The pubescent girl herself is identified with White Painted Woman. During the four days and nights of the rite and for four days thereafter the girl must be addressed and referred to only as White Painted Woman. Her dress and decoration are meant to duplicate the costume which the benefactress of the tribe wore during her stay on earth. The very name, White Painted Woman, is symbolic of the body paint with which its first bearer was designed. At one point in the ritual the initiate is painted with white clay so that the promise of her name may be actualized. Throughout the songs and the prayers the girl is likened to her divine namesake; the structure that has been erected is described as "the home of White Painted Woman"; and, as an informant has put it, "the young girl is the image of the real one." This may explain the control over the weather and the curative functions of the adolescent at this period.

The "little" rite.—The physiological fact of first menstruation is cause for great rejoicing on the part of the family of the girl and is so important that reference is made to it by a different term from the one which means "regular monthly flow." Even though all is not in readiness for the prolonged ritual and celebration, the family and close neighbors gather for a feast and token ceremony, to be followed at a later date by the complete round of ritual.

They had a little ceremony for E. It was held at her parents' place. Quite a few people came down. There was a feast and social dancing. The girl was called White Painted Woman for the day of the little ceremony. The ceremony for the girl, who is about fourteen years old, came about noon. She was dressed in an uncolored buckskin costume without much design on it. I don't think it is finished yet. Mrs. S. acted as "she who trots them off" [the attendant] for her. W. sang.

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are held erect, an assistant shakes an animal-hoof rattle,[2] and the singer begins his first chant. These opening songs are known as "dwelling songs." The first song "is about all the four poles. It is about the black horse, the stallion, the four horses, because in this ceremony a horse is given on the last day." Much of the vocalization is meaningless refrain, for the substance of ritual songs and prayers is largely implicit. But the prayer portion can be translated:

> Killer of Enemies[3] and White Painted Woman have made them so,
> They have made the poles of the dwelling so,
> For long life stands the blue stallion.
>
> Here Killer of Enemies and White Painted Woman have made them so,
> They have made the poles of the dwelling so,
> For long life stands the yellow stallion.
>
> Here Killer of Enemies and White Painted Woman have made them so,
> They have made the poles of the dwelling so,
> For long life stands the black stallion.
>
> Here Killer of Enemies and White Painted Woman have made them so,
> They have made the poles of the dwelling so,
> For long life stands the white stallion.

From the structure to the south, where she is caring for her charge, the attendant cries out in reverent applause when the names of the supernaturals are mentioned. Throughout the rite, whenever reference is made in the songs to Killer of Enemies,

[2] From one informant, a Southern Chiricahua man, comes an assertion that a gourd rattle may be used in the girl's puberty rite in substitution for an animal-hoof rattle. He said: "A gourd rattle as well as the deer-hoof rattle can be used when the ceremonial tepee is being put up. This is the only time it is used; just the tepee singer has it. There are four small holes on each side of it. That is what makes the sound perfect. It has no design." All other informants state that only the animal-hoof rattle, made of four or more hoofs, usually tied to a length of wood, is used.

[3] For most of the Apache people of the Southwest, Killer of Enemies is the culture hero, and Child of the Water is a subordinate brother or companion. The Chiricahua have reversed the positions of these two; indeed, some Chiricahua have eliminated Killer of Enemies altogether and claim that the name is a synonym for Child of the Water. The older heritage persists, however, in the songs of the girl's puberty rite, which mention only Killer of Enemies. The Chiricahua simply accept these references as concerned with Child of the Water.

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881 993 198 White Painted Woman, Sun, or turquoise, she will utter this call.[4]

881 346 533 [539] During a second "dwelling song" the poles are lowered until their tips meet:

> The home of the long-life dwelling ceremony
> Is the home of White Painted Woman,
> Of long life the home of White Painted Woman is made,
> For Killer of Enemies has made it so,
> Killer of Enemies has made it so.

881 346 574 Quickly, when the tops of the four poles meet, the rope hanging from the east pole is wound around the others, and the framework is secure. Now the women come from the community kitchen, bearing receptacles filled with mesquite beans, boiled meat, mescal, yucca fruit, and other food. They set these in an [788] [823] east-west line before the entrance, and, after pollen crosses have been sprinkled over the top of each by the singer, everyone gathers to eat. The conspicuous display of food is symbolic of [261] plenty and of the favor of the supernaturals: "Child of the Water told the Apache to carry food into the ceremonial dwelling, to grab at it, play with it, and eat it. That's why we do it; it is his command."

881 346 [533] After the meal the ceremonial structure is quickly finished. The central fire pit is dug to the accompaniment of more songs. The oak boughs are tied horizontally to the poles, but an opening is left to the east. Women bring to the entrance spruce needles for the floor, and these are arranged by the singer and his helpers. The ceremonial home of White Painted Woman is now ready.[5]

[4] While it is the primary responsibility of the attendant to call thus, other women may join her: "Women, when White Painted Woman, turquoise, or sacred things are mentioned, have the right to make that call. This is true of any ceremony, not just the puberty ceremony. Also they can give that cry when the masked dancers approach, when they just begin to trot in from the east and the jingle of their pendants is heard. Any mature woman can do it, but old women do it mostly. They do it because of the religious feeling they have toward the Mountain People."

[184] [5] The Mescalero Apache, with whom the Chiricahua now share a reservation, use four main poles of spruce and eight others—twelve in all—for the ceremonial structure. They also build the tepee with a runway of eight smaller spruces, four on either side, stretching eastward from the doorway. The Mescalero and Chiri-

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uttered recitation which separates the choruses can be freely translated as follows for one of these songs:

Inside the holy home
At the place called "Home in the Turning Rock,"
The Mountain Spirits, truly holy,
Rejoice over me to the four directions
And make sounds over me.

The words of another of these songs show a forceful and vivid imagery:

In the middle of the Holy Mountain,
In the middle of its body, stands a hut,
Brush-built, for the Black Mountain Spirit.
White lightning flashes in these moccasins;
White lightning streaks in angular path;
I am the lightning flashing and streaking!
This headdress lives; the noise of its pendants
Sounds and is heard!
My song shall encircle these dancers!

When the body-painting is finished, the dancers eat the generous meal provided for them by the feast-makers. It is nearly dusk now, and soon the great fire will be kindled below and the people will gather to see the entrance of the masked dancers.

While the shaman chants another set of four songs, the dancers line up in a row facing the east, headdresses in hand, praying and asking to be blessed. Of one of these songs the informant said:

I'm going to sing an old song. It's very valuable. It is sung when the masked dancers are standing there, painted, dancing in place, and ready to go out, shaking their headdresses. This song is called "Earth's Song." It is sung very slowly.

Thus speaks earth's thunder:
Because of it there is good about you,
Because of it your body is well:
Thus speaks earth's thunder.

As these songs are sung, the impersonators gyrate clockwise, uttering their call at the mention of the Mountain Spirits and motioning with their headdresses to the directions. The buckskin masks have been moistened so that they will be pliable. At the conclusion of the singing, the dancers, including the clown if

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535 It is the privilege of the singer to begin the song and to recite
533 alone the prayer or half-spoken, half-chanted portion inter-
881 spersed between the nonsense-syllable refrains. At the refrain the other members of the chorus join in heartily again, and so these songs give the impression of great bursts of melody, suddenly hushed and as suddenly resumed and swelled. When a singer of these songs grows tired or feels that he should make way for another, he relinquishes his post and joins the chorus, while his successor contributes other songs. The songs of any individual are well known to those of his region, so that it is always possible to bring together a chorus.

The songs are classified in three groups, each related to one of three types of dance: the "free step," the "short step," and the "high step." The dancers, and especially the leader, must be able to recognize a song at once and enter upon the proper step.

The performance always begins with a free-step song, so called because it imposes less formal restrictions upon the actions of the dancers and allows more exhibition of individuality than either of the other two. When he hears this music, "a man uses his own judgment and dances according to his feelings." The best performers contest in the firelight for the rolling, throaty call of approval of the audience.

535 The prayers of the free-step songs are similar in theme to those
533 of the songs sung when the dancers are painted:
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I

At the place called "Home in the Center of the Sky,"
Inside is the home's holiness.
The door to the home is of white clouds.
There all the Gray Mountain Spirits
Rejoicing over me
Kneel in the four directions with me.

II

When first my power was created,
Pollen's body, speaking my words,
Brought my power into being,
So I have come here.

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After the first, free-step, masked-dancer song, "they switch around, singing the songs of the different steps so that the masked dancers don't get tired." A second type of song is that which accompanies the short step. The words of these songs are much like those of the free-step songs, but the rhythm and mode of execution of the step are different. The dance is marked by bodily rigidity, studied posturing, and short, terse steps.

The third kind of song is that to which the dancers perform the high step. The prayers of these songs reveal nothing new. But the dance step itself departs widely from the others. As soon as the dancers recognize the character of the song, they form a circle around the fire, facing away from it, and dance with vehemence, throwing first one leg and then the other forward and upward. The dance is much like the Russian *trepak* except that the performers do not squat so low during its execution. Although this dance is the most spectacular of the three and is constantly requested by the audience, it is so difficult that it is performed much less often than the other two.

Despite the excitement and the rivalry the potential dangers for the participants are never forgotten. If two dancers collide, especially if they have been painted by different shamans, and one drops a stick, he dare not pick it up at once. He will stagger around as if dazed until his companions, lining up in single file, "worship" the wand from the directions and the leader picks it up and returns it to him.

Inside the ceremonial structure.—While the exhibition of the masked dancers is at its height, another phase of the rite, more closely associated with the fate of the pubescent girl, is quietly unfolding.

Sometime during the early part of the night the singer makes his way to the place where the girl and her attendant await him. The girl hands him the rattle that was intrusted to her. He extends an eagle feather toward her, and she grasps the tip of it with her right hand. He shakes the rattle and walks slowly backward, singing:

They move her by means of the finest eagle feather,
By means of it White Painted Woman walks into her home.

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881 raises her arms upright from the elbows with palms outward,
533 holds her feet close together, and moves from left to right and
535 right to left by alternately pivoting on her toes and her heels. The second type of song calls for an "in-place" step and provides rest from the exertions of the first type. In its performance the girl sways in place with her hands on her hips.[11]

Because of the repetition of its verses, each song is long, and the shuffling step is very tiring. But, whenever the girl is weary, she may stop and kneel, even though the song is not finished. [793] The singer makes no attempt to test or to overtax her.

The singer watches the girl and uses his judgment. The idea is not to let her get too tired. There is the dance the girls do with their arms up. The word for it means "shuffling," sliding to a place as a horse does. They sing about six songs of this kind and then change to the one where the girl dances in place with her hands on her hips. The singer tells the girl which dance to do if she does not know. They sing fewer songs of this second kind. These are just to rest the girl.

[276] Every fourth, sixth, or twelfth song may be set aside for a [461] "smoking song," after which the singer smokes or prays:

After about six songs they have a smoking song. They smoke after this song; all those inside can smoke then. There is no dancing during the smoking song. The girl can rest; she can kneel but cannot sit. She must have her body erect. There are many of the smoking songs. After this they start singing and dancing again.

The initial song of the first night is of the shuffling-step type. "This is the first song sung. It is the home's own song, the first one sung when they are in there." The second song, also of the shuffling-step variety, simply repeats between refrains these words:

[539]

I have walked well
Into the home of White Painted Woman.

Now follow songs of the singer's choosing, fixed only in accordance with the general pattern already outlined. No definite number of songs need be sung during the night. One singer remarked:

[178] [11] An informant described a third step, which he claims was formerly danced by the pubescent girl. "It is called 'walking around.' The girl has her arms up and her elbows pointed down. She walks forward, turns toward the south, and comes back, doing this four times. It's mostly to rest and relax." This step is not performed now.

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"In summer I sing fewer songs because the nights are short. In winter I sing more." After the introductory numbers, the songs are arranged in groups of fours. The songs of each group are called "siblings of the same sex" because, in passing from one to another in a set of four songs, an alteration of a word or two of the prayer may be the only discernible change.

Throughout the dancing the attendant remains in her station at the south. Whenever, in the course of the singing, the names of supernaturals or sacred substances are mentioned, she raises her voice in the call of applause.

The songs of the ceremony are too numerous to reproduce in full, but a few of different types, representative of the first night's repertory, are here given in free translation. First are two shuffling-step dance songs:

I

Killer of Enemies, source of long life,
White Painted Woman has come inside;
She grows up by means of it.

II

The spruce home of White Painted Woman is built of long life,
By means of a home built of this she has gone inside,
By means of her power of goodness White Painted Woman has come to her,
By means of it the words have gone inside.

Of the in-place dance songs the following two examples are offered:

I

I come to White Painted Woman,
By means of long life I come to her.
I come to her by means of her blessing,
I come to her by means of her good fortune,
I come to her by means of all her different fruits;
By means of the long life she bestows, I come to her;
By means of this holy truth she goes about.

II

I am about to sing this song of yours,
The song of long life.
Sun, I stand here on the earth with your song;
Moon, I have come in with your song.

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881 533 296 461 The translation below indicates the character of the third type of song—the smoking song. Often, when the men who are sitting just outside the structure singing and drumming for the masked dancers hear one of these songs, they also pause to smoke.

[539] The time for smoking has come.
With the sun's tobacco let all be made pleasant.
From here on let good constantly follow,
From now on let many old men and old women rejoice;
Let them come back to many ceremonies like this;
Let all the girls be happy;
Let them know many ceremonies like this;
Let all rejoice;
Let all the boys rejoice;
Let them attend many ceremonies like this.

881 535 793 [788] The dancing within the ceremonial structure is brought to an early close the first night. Sometimes the masked dancers are still circling the fire as the singer, the attendant, and the girl file sunwise from the holy home. If this is the case, the girl may be asked to shuffle around the fire in the wake of the masked impersonators before leaving for her camp. Meanwhile the attendant has gathered up the hide, the rattle, and the feather and will keep them until they are needed on the following night.

881 535 574 *The social dancing.*—If the masked dancers have not left before the girl has concluded her dance within the ceremonial structure, they disappear for the night soon afterward. But the evening's activities have scarcely begun for the visitors. Social dancing is closely associated in the popular mind with the ceremony, for this is one of the few occasions which brings together enough people to make it possible. The dances take place every night and must follow an invariable order.

881 533 [535] The songs for the social dances contrast markedly with the sacred music:

With the social dance songs it is different. They don't belong to any one person. Anyone can sing them. Anyone can make up his own, and, if it is a good one and the people like it, he and others will keep singing it. Anyone can join in these songs if he knows them, even in the part with the words. These songs are funny. You can say almost anything in them.

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A dignified old man, when he was working out the details of some music, indicated the great difference between the social dance songs and the ceremonial songs:

I want you to keep these [girl's puberty rite] songs private. I am not a foolish man and do not sing these songs easily. Some of the Indians might not like it. But the social dance songs are all right. I don't care what you do about them.

This is the way two composers of social dance songs went about their task:

Y. and I made up a couple of these songs. We worked them out together. I went over to his place, and we patched them up. First he'd sing a little and then I'd sing a little, and we'd agree on it and work it out. We practiced. Then we sang them at the last girl's puberty rite. All the people liked them. The word part of one goes like this:

Young woman, young woman,
We've been very intimate,
But now stay away from me.

Another composer sang his own song and some others from which he had drawn his inspiration:

I took some old songs and chose a little from one and a little from another. I used about three and worked one new song out of them. I did it while I was away on a trip. Then I sang this song at the ceremony when I came back. At the last ceremony I sang it for four nights straight. All the people said it was a good song.

But by no means are all these songs recent compositions or modifications. Many old favorites continue to be as popular as ever:

Some of the songs for this are very old. I'll sing one for you. It's very old; perhaps two hundred years old. When I was just a little boy at Fort Apache fifty years ago, just old enough to listen to singing, I heard it. There was one very old man who sat by a fire working on arrows and singing it. And while he sang it he was crying. This song reminded him of the times when he was a young man. That's why I think it is so old. It goes like this:

Young woman, you are thinking of something,
Young woman, you are thinking of something;
You are thinking of what you are going to get:
That man of whom you are thinking is worthless!

This comment suggests one of the greatest appeals of the social dance songs—their associations. The occasions when they have been heard and learned are memorable points in the individual career—moments of travel, adventure, and courtship:

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533 211 881 This is the song to which my wife and I fell in love. It's not much of a song; but I thought a lot of it and so did she. N. was singing it. It is his morning song. I went out with her under the piñon trees and I sang this song to her during the days of the feast. I've had this song for my favorite ever since. It reminds my wife and me of that time.

881 533 [186] The few words of a social dance song are rich in implication. Once an old man dismissed American songs with a contemptuous, "There isn't much singing to them; it's all words!" Doubtless he was thinking of the more subtle technique of his people, by which, with a few well-chosen words and a wealth of inner meaning, a dozen youths can be made to hang their heads.

881 535 533 As soon as the masked dancers have departed for the night, the first of the social dances—the round dance—begins. Several men holding pottery drums come together. Others form a compact knot around them, and this group, their arms around each other's shoulders, circles the fire clockwise. One man, ordinarily one of the drummers, begins a song, and the others join in. Now women step out and stand at the side of the singers, forming a circle. Sometimes the circle incloses the singers. The dancers face the fire and shuffle sideways, clockwise, in time to the music.

In the round-dance songs such words as "Stoop," or "Faster," may be the only words, and the dancers are expected to follow these commands. Others may contain only a short phrase or two, but these few words satirize common foibles and provoke general amusement. In a certain round-dance song one question is simply repeated over and over:

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What belongs to us?

This seems enigmatic to an outsider, but it is fraught with meaning to the dancers:

This is a round-dance song. "What belongs to us?" Where are our possessions? We haven't got anything. That is what this song means. Many people get married but haven't anything. What is going to be ours when we get married? Suppose I am dancing. I want to marry a girl though I have nothing. Then I'll be ashamed when they sing this, as lots of boys are.

Another of these songs derides the marriage of a young girl to an ill-favored old man:

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She married an old man
With big buttocks!

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The domestic intruder receives mention:

He asks me what happened
To his wife!

For the young people who are planning an assignation, a song has this reminder:

Wait for me
At the high bluff over there.

One song has to do with those who have become acquainted at the feast and soon must separate:

You will go back to your distant home;
We will be lonesome.

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At midnight, often at the time when the second social dance of the evening is about to get under way, food is again served. I have called the second dance of the night the "partner" dance:

After the circle dance, the men get in a group by the fire and the women go around and choose partners. A woman pulls at a man's clothes or pokes him if she wants him for a partner. Then he has to dance.

It's a general rule that the man has to pay the woman something if he dances with her. He pays after the four nights. If you haven't got anything, you tell the woman the first night so she can choose someone else. It is understood that if you dance with a woman you have something for her. It's not that you have to pay if you dance, but it's just too bad if you don't. Everybody talks about you. The girl will tell everyone. She will say, "That man is no good; he didn't pay." All the girls will say this then.

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The girl dances with the same man for the four nights. It is right then that they fall in love. A girl chooses a boy she likes. I got acquainted with my wife this way. I danced with her. That's what these dances are mostly for.

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To execute the partner dance, a man and woman remain in the same line but face in opposite directions. The man's left arm is opposite the woman's left arm, or his right arm is opposite her right arm. The couples, who are scattered here and there, dance forth and back in relation to the fire, about four steps one way and then four the other. Occasionally, two women tap the same man and then he must dance with both and must finally pay both.

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Blood kin and affinal relatives, including husband and wife, may not dance together. "You have to be sure you are not related.

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535 lated. Sometimes a man makes a mistake and asks a girl who is
535 his kin to dance with him. She says, 'No, you are related to
[602] me.' "

881 There is a definite etiquette attached to the partner dance:
535
576 Some touch or link arms. A very prominent or dignified man would not touch a woman during the dance though. He wouldn't get familiar. A man who dances politely will have his hands locked over his breast. It shows that the man is not bothering the woman. N. [a prominent Chiricahua] always danced with his hands locked over his chest.

An unmarried man may dance with a married woman, or the other way around. It is all right to talk to your partner while you are dancing.

881 The songs of the partner dance do not differ materially from
533 those of the round dance.
539

We will go to the last home.

are the only words of one. Its inner meaning is somewhat more complex, however: "The song means that perhaps your camp is the one far from the feast grounds and that after the dance you two are going over there together."

In another song of this type ridicule is heaped on the young man who is enamored of an older woman, the mother of children:

When there is a gathering for the ceremony, sweetheart,
I will take care of your baby for you,
I will take care of your baby for you.

Still another runs as follows:

Oh, Mescalero maiden, don't be afraid;
They are already gossiping about us,
But don't be afraid.
They who speak so chew rocks;[13]
Don't be afraid.

881 The songs of the third and last social dance of each night of the
533 puberty rite may appropriately be called the morning-dance
535 songs, since the dance they accompany begins several hours before dawn and continues until daybreak.

Toward morning the songs change, and the men and women separate and get in two lines facing each other. The lines are pretty far apart, and the partners of the dance which has just ended are right across from each other. When the sing-

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[13] That is, "are envious"; witches are often said to "chew rocks."

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ing starts, the lines come toward each other, stopping a few feet apart, and then separate. They go back and forth like this. The singers are in a line with the men and go back and forth with them. This dancing goes on until sunrise.

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The round-dance songs and the partner-dance songs may or may not have words, but the songs of the morning dance always have words. These morning-dance songs are the favorites. "The morning songs, the love songs, sound beautiful. They are high pitched. We like them best of all. People just fall in love there singing them."

Some of these compositions well earn the name of "love song" which informants have given them:

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I

I see that girl again,
Then I become like this;
I see my own sweetheart again,
Then I become like this.

II

Maiden, you talk kindly to me,
You, I shall surely remember it,
I shall surely remember you alone,
Your words are so kind,
You, I shall surely remember it.

A reproachful note is struck in one of these songs:

My sweetheart, we surely could have gone home,
But you were afraid!
When it was night we surely could have gone home,
But you were afraid!

Of the manner of singing the following somewhat acrid song a commentator said:

The song is really sung by the men all the way through. But the men take the part of the women and then of the men. As they dance together, the men take the part first of one and then of the other. When the men are singing the part of the men, they change the word "man" in the song to "woman."

Man from a distant land,
Why do you talk to me?
Why do you talk to me?
Why do you talk to me?
What have you done for me
But just talk to me?

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533 Another morning song purports to be a passage between a man and a woman who is endeavoring to hide her age so that she may have a good time:

[539]

They tell me you are old:
I, I don't think so.

Then there are the lines depicting the confusion of two young friends who cannot bring themselves to separate:

[539]

Woman from a far land,
Give me your moccasins that I may be going.
Man from a far land,
Give me your moccasins that I may be going.

At dawn those who have remained up all night disperse for a few hours of rest. There will be no morning ceremony to rouse them, for the puberty rite proper of the second day is not resumed until nightfall.

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[574]
[525]
[535] *Events through the fourth night.*—During the morning and afternoon of the second day visiting, feasting, gambling, and sporadic social dancing take place. The girl has no special duties during the day, although she must be mindful of her general restrictions. If she becomes restless, she may be permitted to walk toward the hills or to join in the daytime social dancing for short intervals.

At dusk the events of the preceding evening are repeated without significant variation. The central fire is renewed, the masked dancers appear, the pubescent girl is led to the ceremonial structure, and later in the evening the same social dances, in identical order, are again performed.

In outline the third day and third night differ in no essential way from the second day and night. The activities of the fourth day, moreover, follow closely those of the second and third days.

But the fourth night of the ceremony departs in several important respects from what has gone before. The first events are the familiar ones. At dusk the masked dancers appear and repeat their performance. And, as before, when the masked-dancer display is at its height, the singer leads the girl to the ceremonial

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structure. This time, however, he brings with him a bundle of narrow sticks of mock orange wood. Beginning at the southeast and moving clockwise around the fire pit, he erects one stick for every song he sings this fourth night, until the fire pit is surrounded except for a space to the east that must remain open. After every set of four songs has been sung and the corresponding four sticks have been set up, a fifth, shorter length of wood is placed horizontally on the ground between this set and the one to follow. This horizontal piece represents a smoking song presumably: "When I lay the stick down, there is a song about smoking that goes with it. The song comes first, then I put the stick down, then smoke, then pray, then go on to the next set." For the first three nights the singing and dancing within the structure cease at midnight or before. But this night they continue until daybreak.

The songs of the second, third, and fourth nights to which the girl dances are a continuation of the life-journey pattern. In order to indicate the sweep of this ritual progression, a number of songs, arranged roughly in chronological order in respect to the rite as a whole, are introduced. The first, a shuffling-step song, has to do with the birds:

> White Painted Woman commands that which lies above,
> Killer of Enemies commands,
> By means of long life they command.
> From the mouth of the chief bird
> Yellowness emerges by means of it,
> By means of it yellow emerges from your mouth.

The girl's necklace, symbolic of lifelong wealth, is celebrated in a shuffling-step song:

> The words of Killer of Enemies, good through long life,
> Have entered you;
> They have entered you by means of your necklace;
> Your necklace has gone into your body,
> For its power is good.

Of the next song, which he called "She Sleeps with It," the singer said:

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881 In this song the girl is taken through the sleeping period, through a rest period. We take her through all experiences with these songs.
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• 539

White Painted-Woman's power emerges,
Her power for sleep.
White Painted Woman carries this girl;
She carries her through long life,
She carries her to good fortune,
She carries her to old age,
She bears her to peaceful sleep.

The growth of the things of the earth is emphasized in many of the songs. This one tells of the grasses:

By means of the ceremony I have gone to White Painted Woman,
I have gone to the source of long life created of goodness.
White Painted Woman, her grasses are striped with yellow,
Killer of Enemies spoke thus;
White Painted Woman, her grasses are much striped with blue,
Killer of Enemies, his grasses are much striped with red.

Periods of life are commemorated:

White Painted Woman has reached middle age by means of it,
She has reached middle age by means of it,
By means of it she has entered long life,
She has reached middle age by means of it.

The last years of life are referred to symbolically in song in terms of the "old age staff":

He made the black staff of old age for me,
He made the road of the sun for me;
These holy things he has made for me, saying,
"With these you will grow old."
Now when I have become old,
You will remember me by means of them.

881 If this selection is allowed to represent the song cycle as it unfolds through the four nights, the events which take place in the interior of the ceremonial structure until sunrise of the fifth day have been indicated.

881 On the fourth night the masked dancers have an additional
535 and interesting role:

On the last night the masked dancers come out and stay all night. They do their own dances until ten or eleven o'clock. Then comes the round dance. They

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881 As a final gesture of appreciation toward
574 those who have helped make the social aspect of their ceremony
535 a success, the hosts "give a personal present to the women who
431 dance until sunup."

Conclusion.—The final events of the rite should take place in
881 the sun's rays and, if the sunrise is obscured by clouds, the people
533 wait patiently for the emergence of the first beams. As the east-
539 ern skies become lighter, twelve songs, familiarly known as
[821] "stop" songs, close another chapter of the ceremony. One of the last of these, heralding the appearance of the sun, simply repeats over and over:

> The sun, emerging,
> Says to me, "My grandchild."

The last of this series is a graceful apotheosis of the life-journey upon which the adolescent girl has embarked:

> You have started out on the good earth;
> You have started out with good moccasins;
> With moccasin strings of the rainbow, you have started out;
> With moccasin strings of the sun's rays, you have started out;
> In the midst of plenty you have started out.

Now the girl faces the east, kneeling on the hide. The space to the east of the ceremonial structure is cleared of all loiterers:

> They won't let anyone, even a dog, go across between the sun and the ceremonial structure on the last morning. They say that anyone who does this will get sick and die. I believe it. T.'s daughter didn't think and went across once just as the sun was coming up. She died soon afterward.

881 The sticks which have been erected around the fire pit during the singing are gathered up in clockwise direction, tied in a bundle, and deposited in the coiled basket tray containing the other ceremonial objects.

881 The singer faces the east with the basket before him and sings
533 four songs. Everything is taken out of the basket except white
793 clay. Then the singer faces the girl and puts pollen first on his
[788] own face and head and then on her head. Meanwhile the attendant has mixed water with the white clay in the basket. After
[802] another song, the singer paints a line of white and red on the girl's face. Again he turns to the east. He hands his rattle to a man who comes forward to assist him.

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He dips his right forefinger into the red paint, holds it up, and sings the "Red Paint Song." Using a splinter of wood to trace the rays, he draws a sun symbol on the palm of his left hand in pollen, red ocher, and specular iron ore. While he does this, he sings a song, "a long one because it takes a long time to put that design on":

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[539]

Now I'll make long life of the sun's rays,
Now I'll make long life of the sun's pointed rays,
I'll make peaks extending outward.
The rays of the sun and long life are made of pollen,
The points of the sun and long life are made of pollen,
The points of the sun and long life are made of specular iron ore,
The rays of the sun and long life are made of specular iron ore,
The rays of the sun and long life are made of blue paint,
The points of the sun and long life are made of blue paint,
The rays of the sun and long life are made of red paint,
The points of the sun and long life are made of red paint,
The rays of the sun and long life are made of white paint,
The points of the sun and long life are made of white paint.

The completed sun symbol is held up to the advancing shafts of light as the singer chants:

[539]

That which comes has come well out,
In here it has come.

Again the singer faces the girl. He touches the painted hand to her body at various places, circles her head clockwise with it, and finally obliterates the symbol by rubbing it over her head just as the rays of the sun shine upon her. At this time, too, the singer ties a piece of abalone shell or turquoise to the girl's forelock.

The eagle feather with which the girl has been led to the inclosure each of the four nights has been thrust into the bundle of grama grass. The singer uses the stems and the quill of this bundle as a brush to paint the girl with white clay. First he paints the right side and then the left side of her face, next her right arm below the elbow and her left arm, and finally her legs from the moccasin tops to the knees. This is a signal for the onlookers to press forward. With the materials left, the singer marks them on various parts of their bodies as they file past him.

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821 Another thing to do when the lightning flashes is to make a spitting noise and
[789] say, "Let it be well, my brother, Lightning," or to say, "Strike high, my
brother." Thunder you call grandfather when it hits close. When lightning is
[539] very close and sounds just as if it is going to tear up the ground, you say:

"Continue in a good way;
Be kind as you go through;
Do not frighten these poor people;
My grandfather, let it be well;
Don't frighten us poor people."

[753] Sickness induced by or through Thunder is frequent, and special practices and curative rites have grown up to cope with such disorders.

773 Through the mythology an association is established between
776 water and lightning. In most versions of the birth of the culture
821 hero, his mother is impregnated by Water, but in one variant
823 Lightning strikes at the divine woman four times and thus causes her to conceive Child of the Water. Another version, after describing the impregnation by Water, relates that Lightning tests the hero, discovers him to be his son, and later helps him conquer a giant.

Another myth tells of a quarrel between Thunder and Wind concerning their respective abilities. They separate, to the great detriment of the earth. Finally a meeting is arranged, and, with Sun as mediator, they agree to labor together once more. As an aftermath:

> The breathing of the thunder created four persons, and these were sent out in the four directions, and they were told that, whenever the earth trembles, they should come to the center. Lightning and Wind used their power to make the earth as it was before, with green grass and the proper amount of water.

773 The existence of the earth, the heavenly bodies, and natural
776 forces sets the stage for the appearance of the animals of the
825 mythological period. These animals look and talk like men. Coyote, usually a trickster with few redeeming qualities, turns benefactor for a short interval by stealing fire from those who have hoarded it and spreads it throughout the world. But, by opening a bag which he has been told to leave untouched, Coyote looses darkness. This is acceptable only to the night prowlers and fierce animals; the birds and the small harmless creatures

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754 One characteristic often attributed to the sorcerer is sexual
157 aberrance. The stories of naked individuals displaying them-
834 selves come to mind in this connection. In the mythology, when
[839] Coyote is accused rightfully of having had intercourse with his
mother-in-law, his rejoinder is, "That's witch talk." It will be
[602] remembered that one who neglects to hide from his avoidance
relatives, or who is too familiar with the mate of a sibling or a
cousin, runs the risk of being named a witch. Nor was it an ac-
cident that the tempters who offered a sorcerer's tongue were
unclothed.

754 Incest is promptly equated with witchcraft. Of a person ac-
835 cused of marrying a close relative, an informant said, "In my
opinion he must be a witch, and the tribe accuses him of that be-
cause he married a close relative. People are afraid of him."
Another commentator declared: "In cases of incest, people say,
'They must be witches to do a thing like that.' I have heard sev-
eral people who are accused of incest referred to as witches.
They say, 'Even some witches wouldn't do that.' "

754 Public exposure and beatings are the mildest punishments
684 meted out to those discovered in incest. Just as often the ex-
treme penalty is demanded.

> If two persons committed incest and were found out, a crowd would gather, and any headman would say, "I know those two had intercourse together; get them!" Everyone considered them witches, and they were burned. Incest sometimes goes before a council of people and sometimes the parents kill them outright. Usually the parents handle them.

[586] If they are distant relatives and did not know they were related and find it out after they marry, they go apart. That has happened often, I have heard. But if they know it and everybody knows they are relatives and they marry anyway, in the old days they would kill both of them as witches. That's what N. used to tell us happened before there were white men and law.

539 A "love-death" story is told of a man who could not face the
835 wrath of his relatives after misconduct with his sister:
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> In the old days there were a brother and sister, children of the same parents, who had been lying together. The people were suspicious of them for a long time. The young man thought that the old people knew about them, although they really did not. He knew that if they were caught, a terrible punishment would come, so he took this way out.

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He cut a stick about nine inches long and began to whittle on it. He sharpened it at both ends. Suspecting that they were caught, the couple stole off and they lay together again, but the girl didn't see the stick that the boy had made. When they lay down, the boy put the stick at her belly, and when he pushed down, the stick went through her. Because it was sharpened at both ends, it went through him too, and they both died.

The people missed them, searched for them, and found them dead. In this case the parents were good and not witches, and that is why the boy killed his sister and himself. [754]

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In these days the charge of witchcraft is still made in cases of incest but not with as much effectiveness as formerly:

R. married C.'s daughter. C. and this boy's father were full brothers. C. didn't like it. He went to the boy. He told him, "Your father was my full brother. Why do you want to marry my daughter? People will call you a witch." He went to the agent about it, but he finally gave in. That's why there is so much trouble here now, they say. It's because things like this go on. The young people now are like dogs, like billy goats.

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By the equation of incest with witchcraft, the gravest crime in the religious sphere and the most abhorrent act in the social realm have been combined. The charge of witchcraft acts as the dragnet which combs the society for the flagrant aberrant.[15]

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Punishment of witches.—From the attitude toward those judged guilty of incest, the stern treatment of witches may be anticipated:

Sometimes personal revenge is taken on the witch. Every once in a while a witch is killed by the one he has been working against or by a dead man's relatives who find him out. Often they are shot. No one knows for sure who does it. . . . The last case I know of happened twenty years ago. A man and his wife were shot as they came on horseback out of the canyon from the feast grounds where they had been working witchcraft.

[15] The data presented indicate the strong reactions of the majority of informants to incest and their equation of it with witchcraft. Some informants took a milder stand, however. Said one: "For incest between distant relatives, the punishment would not be so severe. A person might be whipped until he couldn't stand, but that's all. There is talk and disapproval, but after the pair are punished, the thing is forgiven and forgotten." Said another: "Not so much is thought about it if they are very distant relatives. They are whipped and insulted. This would not spoil their chance of marriage later on. A person who is pretty hard up is bound to get married sooner or later." [684]

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the mortals realize that they have pursued actual Mountain Spirits. "Not long after that disease broke out among them and killed many of them."

The Mountain Spirits are held in such fear and reverence that those who have no ceremony from them are hesitant even to discuss them. One man explained, "I'm not supposed to tell stories about the Mountain Spirits because it is dangerous for me," and another said: "In order to use another word besides Mountain Spirit in the stories, a term 'man from the mountains,' is used. This is put in the story a few times to show that the Mountain Spirits are held in awe and to prevent harm befalling the teller."

Masked-dancer ceremonies, though they may be later taught to others, always originate in a personal supernatural experience. The following account is a good example of the type.

My father is a shaman. He got his ceremony when he was a young man. It was this way. You know that Guadalupe Mountain over here. It is a religious mountain, a holy mountain. My father says that this place is the home of Mountain People. He says a spirit came to him and told him to go into that mountain. Someone talked to him, but he did not see anyone. It was outside the mountain that something, or someone, told him to enter. That was the first time anything had spoken to him; he was getting his first power.

When he thought he heard a voice telling him to go into the cliff, he turned around and started to enter the mountain. The cliff opened like a door. He says that the clown met him at the door. The clown said, "Follow me," and they came to the first outside door. Near by was a great rock turning around and around. They call it by a name that means "rock that swings around together." My father says he was frightened, but the clown told him, "Don't be afraid. You must go through four doors, all different. Don't be frightened because the rock is acting this way." Then he said, "Sh! Sh!" pointing his forefinger at the rock, and the rock stopped. He told my father to follow him. They went on.

They came to the second door. There were two great snakes there, twisting and squirming, and biting at each other. They were guarding the door. They were not really biting each other, just trying to. They were not allowing anyone to pass. The clown said, "Do not be afraid of them." The clown went ahead, and my father was close behind. The clown said again, "Sh! Sh!" pointing his forefinger at the snakes, and the snakes stopped twisting and biting.

So they passed the snakes and went on to the next door, the third door. Here there were two big mountain lions, one on either side of the door. They were trying to keep everyone from going through that door. They had their mouths open, and when they saw my father they were just wild. The clown said, "You must not be afraid; they are not going to hurt you." The clown went on ahead,

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and when he came to the mountain lions, he again pointed his finger, saying, "Sh! Sh!" and they quieted down. My father and the clown went through the door.

Then came the fourth door. There was nobody in there at the door. All these doors were rock. At the fourth door the guide again repeated, "Sh! Sh!" and the door opened. When my father got into the fourth room, it was just as if he were in high mountains.

After the last door had opened, my father looked about a hundred feet away. There was one old man sitting over there. The guide said, "That man is going to talk to you now, and you want to be very careful. He is the leader in this place. We are going to walk right up there, and he is going to ask you some questions in a rough voice, but don't be afraid. Now he sees you coming with me."

So they started to walk up to that old man. He was sitting in a big chair in an open place. He was an old, old man, with garments over his head and all around him. The clown told my father, "When I take you up there I am going to leave you, and he will talk to you. Don't be afraid. He is a kind man."

The clown and my father reached this old man. Then the clown said, "Ready!" and disappeared. This left my father standing there alone before that man, and that old man sat up looking angry. My father was standing right in front of him.

Then the old man said to my father, "What do you want in here? You have no business in here." Then my father was frightened. "You tell me what you want. You are not allowed in here; humans from outside are not allowed in here."

But my father said, "I want to live long in this world, and I want to be blessed. I want to live to be an old man."

"All right, you mean it, do you? You think you are going to be afraid?"

My father said, "I will try not to be afraid; that is not what I am looking for. I am looking for something good for myself and for my children, so that they will have some blessings. I have wanted to go into some holy place like this one I am in now. Will you help me?"

The old man said, "All right. I have talked roughly to you, but I will do what you say. I am a kind man. I have control of this whole mountain." Then my father says he saw some hills all around there.

The conversation went along like this with my father and the old man. "What kind of power do you want?" the old man asked him. "I have some very strict rules, so strict that if you fail, you are going to die. They will harm you, and if you fail them you are going to lose your life or some of your family. I tell you that beforehand. What kind of a shaman do you want to be?"

My father answered, "I can't tell unless I see what you will give me." He wanted to be shown.

The old man said, "You just wait a minute."

Then he got up. He could hardly get up; he was a very old, old man. He walked behind a little hill in there. He came back and took his seat. Then my

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father said he could hear things ringing, drums, and singing just like the masked dancers dancing—Apache drums and singing. He heard it in the east as if many dancers were coming. And then they came in from the east, the clown leading them. Many Indians dressed in buckskin and Mountain People came, dancing. Then they stopped right where he was. All kinds of birds, animals, and snakes came behind the Mountain People.

The old man told him, "These are the ceremonies I have here. Which do you want? Pick out the one you want and don't make a mistake."

When the old man finished speaking, my father said, it seemed that it was the privilege of those animals and Mountain People to say what they wanted to him. One little bird came up to my father and said to him, "I am the greatest power on earth; take me." Then the eagle came up and said, "I am the greatest power here; take me." Then the animals came up, also the snakes, and said the same thing.

My father says he thought of it from the beginning, of how the old man said not to make any mistake. So my father turned around and thought, "These little birds are too willing, and these others are too willing. There are some others sitting over there. I must not make a mistake."

He saw that the Mountain Spirits were the leading ones in there. So my father hesitated and thought, "Well, the clown and the Mountain Spirits haven't said anything to me."

They came around with a drum, with turquoise and a pollen cross on the drum. "The clown and Mountain Spirits say nothing, but they are good," my father thought. So my father turned to the old man and said, "I will take the Mountain Spirits."

That is the way it is today. Just as soon as he chose the Mountain Spirits, all the rest were ordered to go back. Just the Mountain Spirits were left. After all the birds, snakes, and animals were gone, there came many Indians, all dressed just like Chiricahua Apache. They started singing. My father has told me, "I was going through the performance. I got all the songs and designs. For four days I made masked dancers with a different design every day on each one." My father was learning the ceremony.

The old man said to him then, "You have done well. You did not make a mistake. I was watching you. The birds, animals, and snakes asked you to choose them, but you did right to choose the Mountain Spirits. They are the most powerful, the best thing here. Now you are going to stay here and have a good time for four days."

My father says that after this the Indians gathered, and they began to dance just as they do at the girl's puberty ceremony. White Painted Woman ran just as the girls do now. So my father in four days learned the whole thing. My father called the mountain "Holy Mountain." He says that he gets messages from these people whenever he holds his ceremony. When he wants to know how to cure a man, they come and tell him. He says they talk. He stayed another four days and four nights there.

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After four days the old man asked him, "Do you have what you want?" My father said, "Yes."

He said, "You didn't make any mistake."

My father answered, "I hope not."

The old man explained, "This is a good thing for you. The Mountain People will take care of you all your life. You can hand the ceremony down to anyone you want to. You can do anything you like. If the ceremony is given to your child, you will not have to ask for any ceremonial gifts; but if it is passed on to other people, then you can ask for gifts. But if you love someone else, you can hand it down to that one without gifts."

The Mountain People gave him directions. "You cannot sing these songs for nothing." So today my father is hard to convince on that.

After the four days, when this old man had told him he had what he wanted, the Mountain Spirits had all gone. Then the clown came. The old man ordered the clown back. The old man told my father, "That is all. I am through with you. Everything is all right. I hope you have a long life in this world. You may go home and use the ceremony according to what the Mountain People want you to do."

The clown had to take my father back through the mountain. They had to come back through those doors. They came again to the big mountain lions. The clown said, "Sh! Sh!" and told my father to come right behind him. They returned to the snakes. The snakes tried to stop them. The clown said, "Sh! Sh!" and then told my father to come right behind him. Then they reached the last door, that great rock swinging around and around. The clown stopped there and said to the rock, "Sh! Sh!" and to my father, "You come right behind me." And they went through. Then they came to the cliff. The clown said, "Sh! Sh!" again, and the whole thing opened like a door. The clown started to walk down the steep bluff. He said, "You must come behind me." My father says when he first went up there the spirit lifted him up suddenly, but now he had to follow the clown down or stay where he was. He did not think he could walk down the cliff but he followed the clown, and they walked down easily.

The clown said, "Here are four things I am going to give you." He gave him a little eagle feather, a very fine feather, and said, "This is one." He held something in his hand and said, "This is a small round turquoise with a hole in it. That makes two." He put the feather through the turquoise. He said, "If you are going to sing for a sick boy, the parents of the boy or his other relatives must give you a turquoise with an eagle feather like this. If he really wants to get well and believes in you, he must also give you a live thing, a horse or a cow, or anything you want, but it must be alive. The turquoise and eagle feather are used only in curing men and boys. The other gifts, which girls and women must give you, are the changing abalone and pollen. They must be tied in this way: the pollen must be in a little buckskin bag, and the string must be put through the hole in the abalone and tied in this way."

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not get a man well, I know that the man is mistaken about his trouble. If I get a person well, I usually get other payment besides the ceremonial gifts. For the ceremonial gifts I must receive a horse, a piece of turquoise with an eagle feather stuck through a hole in it, and an unblemished buckskin, these four things. They must be given before the ceremony starts. I have the feathers on my hat and the turquoise I wear through the ceremony.

The ceremony can take place in the day or the night, but it has to be continued for four days or four nights. If a person got struck or frightened by lightning in the afternoon, the ceremony would begin in the afternoon. I try to begin it at about the same time of day or night that the experience with lightning occurred.

First of all in my ceremony I smoke. I blow the smoke to the four directions, calling each by its color name. Then I call on Thunder and say, "Before you did this to him, this man's body and spirit were in a healthy condition. Now he is sick. I plead with you to breathe some of your spirit into this man, to make him over as he should be."

I have to have medicine for the sick person too. To make this medicine I take wood from a tree which has been struck by lightning, burn it, take the ashes, and put them in cool water. Scrapings from abalone shell are put with it too. With the ashes I make a lightning design (a zigzag) on the four sides of the cup. And I make the lightning design on the man's face, running it into the mouth. I pray, and while I pray I raise the cup upward four times, then toward the patient three times, and make the patient drink on the fourth.

Then I begin with the songs. This is my first song:

He in the sky who is holy,
He who is Black Thunder
Who put up the earth,
He zigzags down with life
To impart life to her body;
He in the sky who is holy,
Black Thunder, my father.

This same song is sung to the other directions; the color terms alone change. At the end of the second song I push the chest, back, and sides of the patient with my hand four times and then blow the evil influence away. While I am singing, I am asking help of my power.

After the four songs I pray again. This last part changes to suit the occasion. Then the ceremony for this one day or night is finished. This power of mine comes from Thunder. Thunder power carries you to old age.

I have a hat that goes with this ceremony. I was ordered by a dream to make the hat. I do not use the hat in the ceremony or use it at all. I was told in my dream that the hat would just be for luck in the ceremony. But the hat belongs to Lightning; it belongs to this ceremony. It is copied after the old way.

I lost this hat one time. Later I was walking with four men. We were hunting

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deer. I saw a deer and ran to head it off. When I got to the point where I thought the deer would pass, I saw one of the men waving, telling me that the deer had gone back. It was raining a little. I started to go back. I went a long way looking around. It started to rain again. I began to look again. Close by, the lightning struck. I went to the place where it had struck and found the hat. This caused me to believe in my ceremony more than ever.

There is one other function of the lightning shaman, the making of amulets of various kinds to be worn as a protection against lightning and lightning sickness.[23]

Some say Lightning talks to them. When the lightning strikes a place, these people can go to the east of a pine tree that was struck and take a piece of wood. They shape it like this [a crude resemblance to the human figure with some features poorly indicated] and put it on them. They wear it suspended by four strings. The painting is done with a blue mineral and black specular iron ore. If this is made for a person, he won't be hit by lightning, and he won't be frightened by lightning.

Plants.—Occasionally, a plant is personified and becomes a source of ritual. One plant, now much used for wounds, revealed itself in a vision experience to a man who was wounded in battle and fell on it. The plant pushed him upward four times and spoke to him, telling him to chew the root, to rub some of it on the injury, and to put the unused leaves back in the ground. The man obeyed directions, recovered, and was able to reach his home and introduce this remedy.

A plant, as well as an animal, acted as supernatural guardian for a successful raider:

This happened long ago. The enemies used to know many ways to stop you, to make your legs ache so you couldn't get away with horses. My father was down in Mexico with a band. They drove away a good herd of cattle, burros, and horses from the Yaqui.

The Yaqui came on the trail. One of the men of the Yaqui knew a ceremony and was working against the Chiricahua. The Chiricahua had seen cacti thrown on their trail, and now they knew what it was for. They got cramps, their legs hurt, and they couldn't go fast. They were in danger, for the Yaqui were catching up.

For his raiding work my father mixed Wolf and Cactus [a small variety of hedgehog cactus type] together. They asked him to sing and he did. He found

[23] Among the ethnological specimens collected by M. R. Harrington from the Chiricahua Apache at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1909 were a number of lightning fetishes.

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out what had been done against them. He saw that the enemy had used cactus with a spider's web. This makes the toes twist [gives cramps] and makes the men fall off their horses. My father found it out and let them have the worst of it. He went to the edge of camp and "shot" four cactus plants on the back trail. They had no trouble after that.

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Antelope and deer.—Deer and antelope ceremonies have as their primary function the securing of game, but other uses for such power exist, such as the employment of the deer ceremony in love rites. The usual deer ceremony is direct in intent and execution. It consists in prayers and songs to Deer the night before the hunt, bespeaking the singer's need, and instructing the animals to give up some of their hide and meat. The ritual may include placing a certain grass under the pillow the night before the hunt, refraining from mentioning the ordinary names for game animals during the expedition, or observing other rules. Often the mountain where the hunter intends to seek his kill is named in the songs.

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The test of a deer or antelope shaman's relations with his power source is the success with which he can predict when, where, and in what quantity the game may be obtained. For some shamans the ability to produce or to find game almost at will has been claimed.

Many knew about deer, but A.'s father knew more than the rest. One man wanted to bet with him [about which one knew more on this subject]. The great man did not want to bet. "I don't know anything about deer," he said. The other begged him to bet. "All right," he said then, "I'm going to make a deer come to that oak. I'll make him eat of it. I'll shoot him there. You do the same to the other oak with another deer. If you can do it, you know as much as I do."

But the other refused. . . . . "I don't mean that. I mean that we should go out hunting to see who kills a deer first."

"No, that has nothing to do with power. Now you want to change the bet." But the other man backed down.

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The individual with a deer or antelope ceremony uses it in many ways. He prepares the deer and antelope heads used in stalking game and sings over them to imbue them with the benefits of his rite. Because his practical experience is augmented by supernatural knowledge, such a shaman is requested by parents to instruct their sons in hunting. Moreover, since good fortune

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on the hunt is of constant importance to all grown men, those who do not possess such supernatural help, when they have been unsuccessful for any length of time, go to a deer or antelope shaman and hire him to perform his ceremony on their behalf.

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The concept of animal homes is frequently encountered in connection with hunting rites:

A long time ago they made arrows of lightning for the Indians. There was one little cloud up in the sky, and the lightning from there killed a deer. All the time the Indians used to eat antelopes and deer killed by lightning.

One time a bunch of men just like these Indians around here got together and were talking. They said, "If we have lightning to kill things, pretty soon there will not be anything left on this world." So the old men talked about making arrows out of carrizo. They took this reed which is hollow and put inside it a foreshaft with a mark like a crawling snake.[24] They could shoot with it then. They did not have guns in those days. The Indians had bows and arrows in those days, but they could not kill anything. The lightning would kill things for them before this, but they could not find any game. Now the lightning would not help them any longer.

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One time they were almost starving. One man went out hunting and was trailing some deer tracks. It was flat all over and there was a little hole out there with deer tracks around it, but the man could not find the deer. He was looking around where the deer tracks were and he saw a man coming out of the hole.

The man said to him, "What are you looking for? You have been looking for a long time and you don't find anything."

The hunter said, "I am looking for deer. Their tracks are fresh around here, but I can't find them."

The other man said, "Deer? What do you mean by saying 'deer'? I guess you must mean my horses." Then this man added, "They were here this morning and I just put them in the hole a little while ago." And then this man told the hunter, "I will give you some ceremonial power and from now on you can see the deer and you will have plenty to eat." This is why Indians can now kill deer.

When the hunter went back to camp that night, the others asked him where he got the power to kill deer. They kept on asking and asking, but the hunter would not tell them, for the man at the hole had told him not to tell, saying, "Even if you come to other camps, don't tell or you won't get anything to eat from me." But the Indians kept on asking and after a while the hunter got angry and told them. And from that time on they were starving again.

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Before continuing to another story which emphasizes the importance of these animal homes, it is necessary to introduce a belief relating to the hunt:

[24] This refers to the fluting on the arrow.

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The old people are still afraid when the deer goes in a sunwise circle around them and runs to the east. They say that when this happens a person has to follow the deer and he turns into a deer. Several times when I've been hunting they have run around and nearly made a circle. Then the thing to do is to get ahead of them or shoot them. This fear of being circled is for deer or antelope.

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The account in which the concept appears is as follows:

A young man went out with his bow and arrows to hunt antelopes on the prairies. He found a bunch of them. He was wearing an antelope mask and got close to them with it. He was trying to get close enough to shoot with the arrow.

They started to run before he got close enough to shoot. They ran in a sunwise circle around him and came back to the same place. Then they ran to the east. He ran after them. The antelopes ran out on the plains to a place where there was a little hill. Underneath the hill was a hole. They went in the hole, and this man went in too. He changed into an antelope.

The boy didn't come home. Two days passed and then his father and kinfolk trailed him. They saw where he had stood, where the antelopes had circled him, and where he had run after them. They trailed him to the hole and saw his track there in the fine dust.

They went home and hired a man who knew Antelope. A group came back with him to the hole and he sang. He tried to make the boy come back. He sang and prayed for four nights. The next morning the young man came up. He told them to go away from the hole. They did.

Then he said to his father, "I can't come back. You've got to get used to being without me. Do not think of me any more. The reason I don't come back is that I have many children now. I can show you my children. I can't leave them." He called his father to the hole. "Tell the men to wait for you. You can come in my home with me."

The father said, "All right," and went down in the hole with his son. He told the men to wait for him.

They went into a place like this earth. There was a sun in there and mountains. The young man showed his father many little antelopes and deer. That's what he meant by his children. He called the place in there Antelope Home. It is like summer there always, and the ground is covered with fine, soft dirt.

The boy told his father many things. Then he came up on top with his father. He told his father to go home with his friends. He said to his father, "Maybe one year from now, maybe three years from now, I'll come to you again. When you are hunting antelopes and you see one big one behind, that will be I. If you want to kill two or three, I'll help you, for when you come I'll smell you and let you come close."

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It is the one who claims special help from Deer who uses it in ceremonial contexts most often, but the deer is so important that it is of use to others as well:

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825 [231] [232] If you have a good deer dog, burn deerskin and make him inhale it. Then he becomes a good hunter. I had a sick hunting dog. I tried everything. The dog was going down. I hated to lose him. So I got deerskin and rags and burned them together and made the dog inhale the smoke. He got well too. I tried it the last thing.

825 237 [178] [173] Buckskin, especially from deer which have been caught in head nooses or otherwise killed without damage to the hide, is in great demand for ceremonial gifts and for the making of amulets. "It is the holy hide, used for ceremonial purposes. It is supposed to come from a strangled deer, and the skin is supposed to be unblemished. Child of the Water used it so on earth; that is why."

825 224 When a hunter kills a deer, the carcass, the hide, and even the offal are treated according to prescribed rule, but, since all hunters observe these usages, a description of them is deferred until hunting methods are treated.

756 825 787 539 *Bear.*—A vision journey which resulted in the acquisition of a bear ceremony is described by the son of the man who became a bear shaman:

My father went across the plains twice, and the second time he slept at a place just beyond the White Sands. He usually found his tribe in the foothills at Hot Springs.

The second time, when he was sleeping at the place, something came to him. It was close to the springs. He was a little up the hills on a rock. He built a fire and went to sleep. He made a mattress of grass.

Close to morning he was sleeping there. He was sound asleep. It touched him and told him to awake. It had something to tell him. He pushed the cover off his head, and there sat a silver-tip bear. It spoke in a human way to him and told him it was time for him to get up and that he was about to get something to know and to travel by.

He got up. He knew that a door was open to him. He just walked right in, into the rocks. He was led into a room, and the bear changed itself into the form of a human and told him to follow wherever he went.

And so he showed him through the gate where the striking rocks were working, hitting against each other all the time. But they went through. Then they came to a place where four points of rock went back and forth. They also walked through that. They came to another rock that was rolling and was in the form of a round ball, just like a hill. It hit the bank on the other side all the time. But they walked over it and didn't even notice it strike the bank. Then they came to the swinging rock door, and it worked as in many other places.

Then they came to two big bears, black and white, at a gate. My father's

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guide told him to go on and they went through. On further they came to two big snakes, a black one and a white one. But they went through. This time something they never had seen before was present in the cave. It was the wolf, the big timber wolf. There were two, a black one and a white one. The wolf spoke to him, but he went on.

Then on further they came to two geese, a black one and a white one. When they saw my father, they tried to fly, but they came to the ground all the time because they felt pretty good. They said, "We know you. We have known you all the time." That's what the geese said.

Everything went smoothly until they started to cross a place where there were two moving logs used for a bridge. After my father crossed this bridge, he came into another more beautiful place. He asked the guide what this place was. He told him that it was the home of Summer[25] right there, but he passed through that place and then went to a crossing where a spider had a web for a bridge. He also crossed this without trouble.

Then he came to a still more beautiful place. Very pretty flowers were growing there. All of these spoke. He asked what this place was, and the bear told him that this was the home of the flowers and the herbs used for curing men all over the world. "This is Medicine's home."

He went on. Then came the humans. The humans were working out in the fields. They ran toward him and tried to show him many [supernatural] things. He paid no attention to them.

Then he came to a place where there was nothing but beautiful women. There were girls only there, dressed like White Painted Woman, who had just gone through the puberty ceremony. The girl's ceremony was shown him there. That was the home of the girl's puberty rite. But he paid no attention to this either.

On he went. He came to another land, and you could hear the drums beating steadily. It was even more beautiful. There were different kinds of Black Ones and Mountain Spirits there with different markings. It all belonged to the girl's puberty rite. The man said to him, "If you want to be the leader of the Mountain Spirits, you can take those four Mountain Spirits there. They are used in every way. They are the leading Mountain Spirits, stronger than any you saw in any other caves." There were twelve there altogether. His guide said, "You can use only four a night. If sickness is in the country, you can use them." But my father said, "No," and went on.

Then he was led out into the further end, and out before him was a big man. There were four tables. The man showed him all, but my father said, "No, I want to go to one stronger than you."

The man said, "No, they usually go no farther. This is the best." But my father said, "No," and wouldn't take any of it.

He went into another room, and there in the middle sat another man with a chair that turned either way. From him shone all kinds of light. And all around him was green fruit.

[25] The personification of summer is not unusual in these stories.

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The man studied my father. He said, "There is no human who has come this far, passing the first man. What do you come for? You see many fruits here, and there are things here that are valuable above all. What you ask for your own good, for raising your children, I will give you."

My father said, "I come for one that is strongest. Are you the strongest?"

"No, there are two above me."

Then my father went on. He came to another man who was shining with a yellow light before him. The light made it appear as though the wind were blowing pollen from the trees around him, but it was not. This man also knew that my father was not going to stop there. So he brought before him two yellow horses with white tails. And a sort of wagon was there.

My father got in the wagon[26] with a guide, and they came to a gate, a big white gate. Everything was as white as could be, even the trees and fruit. Even the faces of the people there shone, and before him he saw all kinds of things. He bowed down four times, and the fourth time he was before a man in a big white chair who had a white staff in his right hand. This man was the last one. This man asked him how he got in and such things as that. My father told him all.

"We had better be moving," the man said, "for it is getting daylight."

So he listened and said "Yes" to everything my father asked him. Everything my father wanted, he got.

"I hate to see poor people sick. I hate it when people are walking along the road poor and without horses. I want to know what is best to do for them. You can give me what you think is best."

This man sang and performed what was given my father. And it raised him as though he had wings. There was nothing but clouds around him. Before him everything shook, and there was lightning and thunder. Much was shown my father, terrible things [witchcraft] and how to stop them.

The man handed him a staff. You'll always have this. It will speak itself. It must never be lost." He told him what was best. And this, they say, was the power of Bear.

After this he knew all the people and their ways and their thoughts, and what was going to be done, and what was going to happen to them. Afterward he did much healing, even for the whites and Mexicans. He was known in Comanche country and by the Navaho.

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The curing ceremony which stemmed from this experience was recalled by the same informant:

He held a bear ceremony for four nights to heal the sick. That's as long as he would continue it. He cured many diseases through it. He used it once on a severe case of pneumonia, the worst case of pneumonia I ever saw. This was right out in the hills. The girl had hemorrhages with it. I thought she was going to die.

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[26] Note the elements of European influence in this story.

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My father sang the songs of the bear and found out what had to be done. He was told that a mixture of different herbs had to be given right away. That was to stop the bleeding. They got the strongest herb first. This one was pointed out by the bear. My mother went and got it, and that night it was given to the girl in four doses. It was given in pollen, and the bowl was lifted to her head four times, then to her lips four times, and she drank it from the side that was marked with pollen.

The next thing was to get after the pneumonia. The girl was stronger now. My mother mixed up the second dose of the same medicine they had given her before. They thought the second dose would surely stop the hemorrhage for good. They gave the medicine to her four times again.

Then my father started in. He took the right front paw of a bear, warmed it, and put it on her chest where it pained most. Then he took a bowl and put it to her chest. He sucked. Blood and pus and suds came out and foamed up. He did that four times. They had real good medicine for the pneumonia. It was the blazing star.[a] It was ground fine, mixed with grease and water; then they rubbed her with it and wrapped her up with some of it on her chest. They tried to make this ceremony short because she was weak.

The second night it went the same way. My father sang two songs. He marked her with pollen. He used the bear paw, putting pollen on it first. He sucked pus out of her again. It came out easily this time.

Now he waited two days before doing anything more for her, but he had my mother continue to give her medicine. He saw that the girl was gaining and getting well.

The third night he started in, he didn't know whether to suck or not. "There is no use to suck. Let me look at her," he said. After singing he looked and saw there was just a little pus left. "I don't think it is necessary to suck again," he said. But he asked the bear. The bear said he had better take it out because that little bit might get bigger. So he sucked it out. Before he sucked he always marked the place with pollen and put pollen in his mouth.

The girl said she could breathe much better. She said she wanted to get well quickly. She prayed all through the ceremony. That's why she got well so quickly. Then the fourth night of the ceremony came. It was a short ceremony this night. The girl was getting along nicely now. They just gave her the medicine.

Another account of the acquisition of a bear ceremony is of special interest because the final paragraph suggests the use together of multiple powers:

A long time ago a group of men went far south looking for horses and cattle. All the party except one man got killed, and, in trying to make his way back, he got lost. In those days they dressed in a buckskin loincloth and buckskin jacket.

[a] Two plants commonly known as blazing star are *Liatris punctata* and *Mentzelia multiflora*.

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When they were cold they made a fire, pushed the ashes away, put grass on the hot ground, and slept there. It kept them warm. This man had nothing with him to eat, and the rain came and the buckskin got wet and stiff. It became very cold, and he nearly froze.

He went to a hole in a cliff for shelter. Then he heard a sound above, and he went up there. He saw a great cave between two rocks. He went in and found a mother bear and two little bears in there. Bear looked at him and he talked to Bear. "I'm about to die. Give me something to eat."

Bear said, "Come in."

He went in. The bear rapped on the stone wall, and a door opened. In there was a room with a fireplace. The bear woman had a shallow basket in there, and it was filled with acorns and wild fruit. She pounded it up nicely and gave it to him. He sat by the fire and warmed himself and ate. When this man got back to his people, he told them that bears were just like human beings. "They talk like us and live as we do. When they go out they turn to bears," he said.

When he had eaten, the bear said, "My husband is mean. I don't know what he will do to you. Sometimes he gets after me. But he is very fond of these children. Take one of my babies and put it in your lap when my husband comes and maybe he won't hurt you."

About dark Bear came. As soon as he came under the cliff he smelled man. He got angry and growled like a dog. His wife heard him and told the man to take the baby on his lap. Big Bear came in looking angry but didn't say anything when he saw the child on the man's lap. The woman said nothing.

Then Bear said to his wife, "Did you feed this man?" Where did he come from?"

His wife said, "He came in here nearly dying. I fed him and warmed him."

Bear sat down and said nothing. Then he began to question the man. "Do you want anything more? You can have more." He acted like this because of the baby.

"I've had plenty."

"Do you want to stay overnight?"

"Yes."

So they put the man in another room that opened when they rapped on the wall. The next morning they opened the door and told the man to come out. They gave him a good breakfast of all kinds of Indian fruit and meat.

"I've had enough," the man said when he had finished.

Then Bear told him, "Go on top of this hill and you'll find a cave there. In it is water. Wash yourself and then get some good-smelling weeds, mix white paint with them, and rub them over your body and face. It will make you smell better. You smell bad; I noticed you all night."[9]

The man did as he was told. He went to the pool and bathed and swam.

[9] This is simply a reversal of the notion that the smell of bears is offensive and dangerous to human beings.

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Then he mixed weeds and white paint and put it over his body. He came back, and Bear said that he didn't smell him any more.

Then Bear told him to take a good rest. "Meanwhile I'll go over and hunt up your people."

He stayed at Bear's home four days. Four days later Bear got home again. He lay down. "I'm very tired," he said. "I found your people far away. Tomorrow we'll start out, and I'll take you to them."

The next morning the man started out with the father bear. They walked all day. About evening they came close to a mountain.

"Where do you want to stay?" Bear asked.

"In a hollow place," the man said.

"No," the bear told him. "It's better on top. It's warmer up there."

They went to the top and stayed there overnight. In the morning they started again. The next day toward sundown they went on top again. The next morning they started and walked all day. At night they went on top again. They carried dried beef with cooked fat and berries in it. The fourth morning they arose before sunup.

"Maybe we will find your people before noon," Bear said. "Then I'll go home."

About noon they found many Indian camps. Bear said, "There are your people. I'm going home now. After this if you or your children get lost, don't be afraid of Bear. Go to Bear's home." Then Bear went home, and the man went into his camp.

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He found his wife and children cutting their hair off. In the old days they sometimes cut the hair short and sometimes cut it all off for mourning. They had killed all his horses and thrown away all the things he owned.

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That bear had given him a ceremony with songs and prayers when he was in that cave. Then, when he got back to his people, he helped them when they got sick. When he healed sick people, he took a circular piece of rawhide, covered it with buckskin, and painted Bear, Lightning, and Buffalo on it. That was because Bear had told him that Lightning and Buffalo were his friends and their powers all worked together. He would make this for people and put a buckskin cord on it and later give it to them to wear.

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Coyote, dog, wolf.—Details of a typical coyote ceremony have already been given[29] and need not be repeated here.

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While sickness can be contracted from a dog, at least by a child, a coyote or wolf ceremony is thought sufficient to remove it. A certain amount of ceremonialism has grown up around dogs, but these usages are for the benefit of the dogs and not to cure ailments they have brought.

[29] See pp. 40–41.

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231 When you want to train a dog to be a good hunter or watchdog, burn an eagle
789 feather for it.
224 I wrap up an eagle feather in cloth with the kind of flies that bother animals. I burn this and throw a blanket over the dog's head so he can inhale the smoke.

If meat is rubbed on your feet and then given to a dog, that dog will stick by you and be a good watchdog. It will love you and guard you.

This is the way to make a dog good for trailing. Cut up four pieces of meat, spit on them, rub them on your moccasins to get some soil from there on them, put the meat in the dog's mouth, and talk to him, giving him instructions just as you would a boy.

Another way is to take a section of deer meat from the place where it swells between the two hoofs. Put this with the feather of the buzzard or crow. Put this to the windy side of the dog. Light it and make the dog inhale, saying to him, "May you keep the trail." We use the buzzard and crow because they fly all over and never miss a dead object. We use the deer meat so the dog will go after deer.

A friend told me to chop up a little rattlesnake into four parts and to give it to a dog with his meat. This is to be done when you want a fierce dog. It makes him fierce all right, but it is too dangerous. The dog is hard to handle then, even by the owner. The dog gets too mean, like a mountain lion. But if a man is far out alone and is afraid, it might be done.

232 There is a certain prickly pear that is called "dog medicine." It is a general tonic for a dog. You put it into his mouth whole.

825 The wolf has been known to offer a ceremony and special aid:
787 He smoked and prayed and went to bed again. He slept a little while and
539 then was waked up again. Before him sat a big timber wolf, white as snow. It was the most beautiful creature, he said, he ever saw. He wanted to touch it but was afraid to. Then Wolf took its paw and touched him and told him he needn't be afraid. So he touched the wolf. The fur felt very soft and fine and warm. He touched the four legs of the wolf, then touched his own legs and said, "Let my legs be as strong as yours."

The wolf spoke to him and said, "I've seen you. . . . . I came to you myself. I will add what I can to the strength of your legs. You have done the right thing. . . . ."

231 *Horse* (*mule*, *burro*).—A characteristic horse ceremony was
787 obtained by a man who was raiding for horses:
539 Two men started south from their home. On the way a horse spoke to one of
755 them and gave him a ceremony. It happened this way. They were raiding for horses. They got to a town south of Tucson and found some horses there. They began to drive them off. At a certain place they stopped to rope horses to ride.

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They had to run the horses up the side of a mountain and were at the top. One of them caught a gentle horse and got on it. The other roped a wild one, and when he was about to get on, it pitched with him and threw him off. He lay there as though he were dead. Only his throat moved a little.

The man who was left sat there crying. He didn't know what to do. He had a little buckskin pouch of pollen tied around his waist. There was one old sorrel horse standing near by He marked the forehead of the horse with pollen and asked the horse to help him restore his companion. He led the horse to the man, from the east, and the horse put his nose to the man four times and neighed. In the same way he led the horse to the injured man from the south, the west, and the north, and the horse acted the same each time. Then the injured man began to stir, and he got up and asked what had happened. The sorrel horse went back to the herd then.

Later this sorrel horse talked to the man it had cured. It told him where the two men should camp that night on the return journey. They followed this advice. The horse told him where to camp for the second night too. This was at an open place, but the horse said, "Do not be afraid even though it is out in the open." They camped in that place and were not disturbed. The third night the horse told him that they should camp at a place called Sand House. On the fourth night the horse told him that they should stop between two mountains.

Then the horse spoke to the one it had cured. It told him, "I'm old and I'm no longer strong. I'd like to take you back to the place where you live, but I can't make it. A man who is thin can make it back to his home. But horses are different. We have to be fat and strong. So after you start out tomorrow you are going to miss me. But don't look for me. I am going back to my home. But I'll tell you now just how to continue your journey, where to stop each night, and where your relatives are now."

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And the horse told him, "I give these songs to you. You will be a shaman through the horse. If anyone falls off a horse and is injured, you can heal him with these songs. These songs will cure even if bones are broken. And here is some medicine to use for those who are hurt inside.[30] But if the large cords at the back of the neck are broken, the ones which hold up the head, this ceremony will not be able to restore the person."

The men continued the journey as the horse directed and got back safely to their people.

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How this man effectively used the ceremony he thus obtained is the subject of another narrative:

A leading man rode out with others to get horses that they had tied out somewhere. The rest came back, but this leading man was still missing. His family were worried. Then someone saw his horse standing on a ridge. It was saddled,

[137] [977] [232]

[30] Possibly "horse medicine" (*Eriogonum jamesii*), of which it is said, "It is a plant used in the horse ceremony. It is chewed for luck with horses. Give it to horses, too, when they are sick."

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but the man was not on it. A group went out to look for him. They found him in a gully, unconscious and badly hurt. He had started from one hill to go to another where he had a horse tied to a tree, when the horse he was riding stepped into a badger hole, stumbled, and threw him.

They put him in a blanket, and four men, one carrying each end, brought him home. They asked the man who had learned the ceremony from the horse if he would bring the leader back to life. He said he would do it.

He told the people to get four poles like those which are used for the ceremonial tepee of the girl's puberty rite. The shaman had the people make a tepee, one big enough so that the horse could get in. He had them bring the injured man in there. The doorway was to the east, and for a covering to it the shaman hung up a big buckskin with the head downward and touching the ground. They brought the horse which had caused the accident around facing the door and took the rope off him.

The shaman, who was in the tepee, sang one song. The horse did not move. The shaman went on to his second song. The horse just stood there and made no sound. The shaman sang his third song. The horse stood in the same place. The shaman grew angry now. He spoke to the horse and said, "Why don't you cure this poor man? You are the only one that can help him. You had better do it without delay." The son of the shaman came out of the tepee now. He was angry too. He said to the horse, "You have done enough harm. There is no use thinking more evil things. You'd better neigh and do what you are supposed to." He hit the horse in the mouth.

Then the horse began to walk to the tepee by itself. The horse stopped at the door, put its nose under the buckskin, pushed it up, and walked in. Then the horse approached the man from each of the four directions in sunwise order and neighed each time. Then it left the tepee. The shaman sang his last song.

In these songs the parts of the horse are given names, and the saddle and saddle blanket have different names too. The back of the saddle is called the evening star, the sides of the saddle are called clouds, the saddle blanket a cirrus cloud, the saddle strap lightning, the saddle horn the sun, the cinch the rainbow, and the buckle the moon. The forehead of the horse is called abalone and the ears are the whirlwind.

When the last song was over, the man who had been lying there got up and asked what had happened. He was all right after that.

A celebrated cure achieved by a woman shaman of the Eastern Chiricahua band is of particular interest in that the use of the "big tepee" has encouraged the practitioner to extend the analogy and to draw upon a number of the features of the girl's puberty rite:

I saw an old woman who knew the ceremony of the horse. She died long ago. She had songs for the bridle and for every part of the horse. She had many

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horses, and all were nice and fat because she knew songs for them. She would take wild horses and saddle them up. They were always gentle to her. When anyone fell off a horse and got hurt, they went to her and she cured them. I'll tell you what she did one time. I was so little I can't remember what was done in there, though I saw it. But my folks and others remembered and told me.

One time a young man got a bunch of horses. With the others there were wild horses and mules which had never been saddled or roped. He tried to get one wild horse out of that bunch. He roped it and put the halter on it. He staked it out for a while. Then he turned it loose on a long rope. He watered it and tried to pull it back. It tried to get away. It circled him two or three times and then started to run. The rope caught on his legs and he was dragged over a rough place. Finally the rope broke and he lay there. His face, arms, and legs were skinned. He was unconscious.

They picked him up and carried him to his tepee. Then his people went to this woman and asked her to sing over the man. She came and looked at him. "He's pretty much bruised up," she said. She didn't want to do it. But they begged her. At last she said she would.

She started to work. I was there, just a little fellow then. She said, "I want a bridle, a saddle blanket, a saddle, and a whip." She asked for those four things because her power told her to. They gave these to her. She started to sing. First she told the father of the boy to rope that same horse. He did.

"Tie him close to the tepee."

They tied the horse near by, under a big tree. She had them tie the head so that the horse couldn't eat grass or drink water. "If that horse eats or drinks during this ceremony, the boy will get worse," she said. She sang over this young man four nights. She sang from sunset to sunrise for the four nights. The horse had nothing to eat or drink for the four days and nights.

They were in a tepee like the one the Mescalero have. The last day at sunrise she told them to take the cover off and leave nothing but the poles standing. Then she told them to clean up the inside. The sick man was lying there. She painted the sun on the palm of her hand with red paint and pollen. She sang and rubbed it off on the man's face. Then she turned the horse loose. She took the rope off. Everybody got away. The horse began to paw the ground and neighed four times. Then it started toward the man. The horse went in there. The woman said, "Take the blanket off that man," and they did so.

The horse licked the man all over and rubbed him all over with his nose. Everyone watched. The horse was on the east side and it pawed there. Then it went to the south side and pawed the ground. And it did this in turn to the west and north. Then it went around the man four times and out to the east. It looked around for other horses. It saw some and ran to them. Then this man's senses began to come back to him and he got well.

A less elaborate ceremony, performed in an emergency, was described:

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231 755 539 It happened at Baharito. We were driving a bunch of wild horses. T. had the gentle horses and some of us younger men were running the wild ones. P.'s horse got his foot in a hole. The horse fell with him. The rope was caught around P.'s knee and he lay like dead with his mouth open when we came up. After the horse fell, it got up and walked a little ways and stood there. I was going to P., but Old T. said, "Get away and don't touch him."[31] So we went away and talked of other things.

T. went to the east side and walked toward him, praying softly to himself. I could not hear what he said. He touched him, kicked him four times under the foot, put pollen in his mouth, and told him to get up. And P. did. T. went back to where the horse fell and got dirt from four tracks and put it in P.'s mouth. Then he got saliva from the mouth of the horse and put it all over P.'s clothes.

231 755 533 539 [126] In recording ceremonial songs, the details of another horse ceremony were learned:

This is R.'s horse ceremonial song. We were driving horses to Whitetail where we were going to brand them. This happened at Whitetail Spring. There were only three horses left in the corral. W. went across. Two others were in there roping horses. The three horses started at once and knocked W. down. He was nearly dead; he didn't come to for three or four hours.

Then R. worked on him. That's how I heard this song. He sang more than this one song, but I just caught this one. If you ever get hurt from a horse, it will fix you up. He used some herbs in his ceremony too. . . . .

These are the words of the song:

The sun's horse is a yellow stallion;
His nose, the place above his nose, is of haze,
His ears, of the small lightning, are moving back and forth.
He has come to us.
The sun's horse is a yellow stallion,
A blue stallion, a black stallion;
The sun's horse has come out to us.

231 789 [533] [782] The horse ceremony is of great importance also in taming wild horses and in securing fresh horses on raids. When it is used for these purposes, the rite is confined principally to songs and prayers.

[777] Some knew how to sing before going on a raid. They sang to corralled horses, so the horses would give them good luck.

[126] Before leaving for raid or war, they often have a ceremony conducted by one who knows the ceremony of the horse. This is so good horses will fall into their

[956] [31] After a mishap with a horse, recovery is speedier if the injured person is not touched until a horse shaman takes charge.

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231 As various domestic animals have become more numerous, the
232 horse shaman has seemed to be the logical person to cure them
756 and is now thought of as the one who "knows a lot about [domestic] animal sickness." "These are the ones who take care of the diseases of animals; they have a general knowledge of animals."

231 There is some difference of opinion concerning the material
756 benefits of a horse ceremony to the horse shaman himself. The story of the woman horse shaman whose horses were sleek and fine seems to bear out the statement of an informant who said, "Some persons have a ceremony from the horse and have fit horses all the time." But the opposite view is held by others. "I think that N. had power from the horse. His horses were poor. Some people say that a man with a horse ceremony has pretty poor horses. He can help others but not himself."

825 *Wild goose.*—An excellent example of the special abilities
787 which a shaman may acquire because of the characteristics of his supernatural guardian, is power obtained from the wild goose:

539 During the old times when Geronimo was around doing mischief, the Chiricahua used to get a band of ten or twelve and go to the Mexican border and drive cattle home. A certain man got tired and was left behind. It got to the point where they couldn't help him, so they left him behind. They thought he would catch up. He was tired, hungry, discouraged, and had given up. He was thinking all sorts of unpleasant things. It was pretty bad.

All at once Goose appeared to him and said, "What's the matter?" He said, "I'm in a bad fix."

Goose said, "All right, I'll give you a certain ceremony, and you must obey. You must follow my directions exactly."

He gave the man four songs. The goose spoke of feathers; it told him he had to rub them on his right side. Goose is long winded and goes for many days. Goose said to him, "I will give you my endurance."

It happened that way. He caught up to the others. Everyone was surprised. The man was able to pass over broad flat lands without being tired out after that. The one who told me this story says that he had this man sing over him; then he won an important race.

825 *Nighthawk.*—An informant tells how he was cured by the
755 power of Nighthawk in a rite jointly conducted by two shamans:
539 Old Man D. and T. knew the ceremony of the nighthawk. I saw them perform it several times. They sang together. Both knew the same thing; one learned it from the other. T. learned it from D.

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Once I was sick with a bad case of kidney trouble. I went to the agency doctor, and he told me I couldn't get well. He said that I'd have trouble all the way through and that one day it would kill me. One side of my face and one side of my body were swollen. I got out of that hospital. Then, because they were distant relatives of mine, these two men sang for me and told me not to be worried, that I was going to get well. P. was there, S., B. and his wife, and some other people, the relatives of my wife. We were not alone. 825 755 539

When they started to cure me, they first smoked. Then they used pollen, marking me on the face. Then they marked the faces of all who were present with pollen. I did it back to these two men, marked their faces with pollen, and the other people did it too. There were quite a few people present. The people always like to listen. Some heard there was going to be singing and just dropped in. [788]

Then they started to sing. During the singing one of them was always drumming. Sometimes it was one of them, sometimes the other. They sang about the nighthawk, calling him Great Old Man Nighthawk, and asking him what it was best to do to get me well. They used feathers of the golden eagle. One had two of them sewed together and attached to his hand all the time.

Their power talked to them any time they asked him something, and they asked him questions right in the songs. Then they would look at each other and talk. One would say, "Do you hear that?" The other would answer, "Yes." But we couldn't hear a thing. Sometimes they got a message, but they would tell me they couldn't say anything about it until morning. They carried on the ceremony at night only for four nights.

When they first sang, Nighthawk spoke to them and said that they didn't have to be frightened, that I'd be going along all right in a few days. I had been laid up during February, March, and April. This was in late April.

Next Nighthawk told them that there was a woman present who knew herbs and that it was best to have her use certain herbs on me. This was my own mother. They directed her in what to do, according to the word of their power, and she went out and gathered all the best herbs. [757]

All during their ceremony they learned many things about my future. They told me that in the future I was going to have land and own everything and have children too. They said the first was to be a boy, and it was. And they said, "You are not only going to have this boy but girls too. In the spring you are going to plow. You will look up and see just one little cloud. And it will open and rain first on your place." And it all really came true. In the spring I was plowing back of East Mountain. It rained first on my place. It did this for several years. [787]

The ceremony helped me a great deal. D. told me not to eat liver until I got real well. By May, after the last snow, and when the birds first began to come, I was well. And so I think the power of the nighthawk was certainly strong.

Owl.—When individuals are first troubled by the call of an owl or by thoughts and dreams of the dead, there are measures 82 789

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morning early, it goes to 'Cut-Grass-Sitting.'" "Cut-Grass-Sitting" is the name of a place. It is called on because the song [ceremony] started from there. It is a place in Old Mexico on the other [west] side of the Rio Grande.

Then I pray again, saying, "By tomorrow morning may all evil disappear and go to the east. May all the sickness that was above the heart in this person go to the west. From now on let him eat again." After this the patient says to me, "I was sick. Now I am well. I never knew you. Now you have made me well. I am well again. I am as I was before. If something like this happens to me again, I will appeal to you."

After the four songs and prayer the ceremony is over for the night. I do this for two nights. The songs and prayers are the same each night. I tell the sick person to put the black-handled knife under his pillow for the two nights so he won't get scared. And I tell him, "Don't eat tongue or liver."

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Summer tanager.—Nothing is said in the following tale of a curing ceremony from the tanager, but it is evident that the bird acted as a guardian spirit:

J. M. tells this one. During his war days when he was young, there was a boy he used to go with, just a young boy. This boy always sang like the summer tanager, that entirely red bird. One time this boy camped out alone and was lost from the group that was out raiding for horses. He was left at a water hole. They were to pick him up on their return. Instead of picking him up, they went right by and left him. He was crying there, for he had little to eat.

While he was crying, something lit in the tree above him. He paid no attention, for he was still crying. Then this bird came to him and touched him on the head. "Don't cry. I have come to show you many things and to lead you to a good country where you will be happy always. All your people are worrying about you because you haven't come back. The ones who left you are already at home. They brought a good bunch of mules and a herd of horses. But there are a few horses and mules left, the ones that they lost on the way. Take them and drive them back. I will go with you. Take my tail feathers. They will talk to you and warn you of danger.

"The ones who left you here are saying wrong things about you to your family. They are saying that you are dead. Your family is going to wait four days and then cut their hair. So be back before four days. I'm going to lead you. Turn this horse loose, catch the others, ride the black one first, then the second day ride the gray horse. There will be seven horses (yours will be the eighth) and two mules."

The boy was shown that he could see at night and see through mountains, and whenever he asked a question it was always answered. He always had the feathers ready in his hand so he could talk to them. The tanager also turned into a man and rode with him.

Before sunrise of the fourth day the people at camp saw someone coming.

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825 The men got weapons ready. They went out to kill whoever was coming and to
787 take the horses away. They saw two men coming, but only one rode up.
• 539 The boy's father met him and asked, "Who was the other man?" The boy said that he was alone. They did not believe him.

825 *Reptiles.*—How one man obtained a snake ceremony which he used with signal success years later is related in the following account:
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They say this man knew snake power better than anyone in the tribes around here. On his hat he wore the rattlers of a snake and two eagle feathers. No matter how badly a person was bitten, he never held his ceremony in the day, but always at night. He said he could cure snake bite on humans or horses.

This is how he got his power. He thought a bush was burning and went to see whether it was and what had started it. He found that the bush was not really burning and saw a big snake move from it. The snake was one such as had never been seen anywhere. It had red and white stripes, yellow streaks on its side, and very red eyes. The way it was throwing its tongue out was like a fire burning. The man started to speak to it, but the snake didn't say anything to him. So the man went off.

That night he camped out in a lonely place, for his home was very far away. The raiding party he had been with was scattered by a band of soldiers. He had only one blanket. He built a fire, roasted a rabbit, and, after eating it and saying a few prayers, went to bed.

He was sound asleep when all at once something touched him. He threw the blanket off his head and looked around but didn't see anything. He thought it might have been a branch fallen off the tree under which he was sleeping, and he started to cover up again. But he heard a sound, like something rubbing against the tree, and a second time something touched him. He threw off the covers. Nothing was in sight. He was about to go to sleep for the third time when the thing came again. He paid no attention and tried to go to sleep. The same thing happened for the fourth time, and he thought he heard someone come down from the tree. He was pretty sure some man was playing a trick on him. It didn't seem to frighten him a bit. He heard a voice, but he just kept his head covered. He tried to recognize it, but he did not know the voice. He stayed still as the voice came closer.

The fourth time it spoke, the voice said, "Wake up! Get up! Someone is coming to see you. You've been asking for me. Here I am. What do you want?"

The man knew it was some kind of power, and, as he looked up, rubbing his eyes, he saw a large snake. He started to cry out but changed his mind. The snake told him not to be frightened, that it had come for a good purpose, to help him out and give him good things which he needed. He said, "Very well," and before Snake could speak again he marked it with piñon pollen.

Then the snake asked him what he wanted. The man said, "I want many good things, for I like to help others."

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The snake said, "I'll show you where these things are. Stand up and come with me."

He looked at the snake again, and there was a handsome man, dressed in Indian clothes. He carried a rattle made of a wild gourd decorated with eagle feathers and with the feathers of many other birds.

A door opened in front of them on the side of a big rock. The sun was shining in there, and it looked like daylight. Inside they had to pass a big crevice, too wide to jump. A single spider had spun its thread across. The man asked, "How do we cross?" and the snake said, "I'll lead you. Follow me." The man said, "Two of us can't cross on that thread; it might break." Snake said, "Come." They both got on and stepped across. The man seemed to be walking on a wide board; the web felt stiff. It never bent or sagged.

After crossing this place, they came to another door. It was thrown open, and a stronger light shone ahead. A great black snake was in their path. It had a large mouth, and it rose up and struck at them. But the man was told to come ahead, and so he stepped in front of the snake and continued.

Then they came to a blue snake with white eyes. From its mouth came flames. They had to cross in front of this snake, and it bit at them. The man stopped, but his guide told him to come, and he passed right in front of it.

Now they came to another place. A door opened and a still stronger yellow light shone out. At the entrance was a yellow rock and a great yellow snake was coiled on it, striking at them. The snake moved and rolled around. The guide stepped right on top of the snake and told the man to follow.

Then they came to another big door. The guide spoke, and the door opened to them. Inside there was still more light, and it hurt the man's eyes. But his guide touched his eyes, and he could see again. There was a great white snake with a big white tongue there, rolling in their path. The tip of the tongue looked like fire, but there was no heat to it at all. The snake didn't seem to pay any attention to them. The guide told the man to continue. They had to crawl through the coils.

Finally they came to the place where there was a man sitting. He was in charge of all these snakes and was very powerful. This one spoke to the Chiricahua and said, "My child, where have you come from? No man has ever entered this place. Why have you come? Who brought you and who showed you the way?"

The Chiricahua said, "That man brought me. You have power of all kinds and that's why I've come. I want the best you've got to help me and my people."

The other replied, "I have many things here that you want. Those things I show you, you can take. If you don't see them, tell me the things you want most."

The Chiricahua said, "I wish to have the power Yuan gives, and Child of the Water, White Painted Woman—things like that."

The man said, "I don't give that power, but I can ask for this for you. I am going to give you power. Wait here until I get back."

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825 He walked away to a table made of rock and prayed. The clouds darkened,
787 lightning flashed, and it thundered, and the whole place seemed to shake. In a
539 little while this man came back and gave the Chiricahua something that stood
728 for his power. He took this thing and thanked the man.
755 The one who gave the power said, "I'm glad you've come here. Do not tell others about this for four years. We will let you know when to practice it."

At that the Chiricahua thought he was stepping out of one door, but he was right at his bedding. There was nobody there. He heard the birds start to sing, and he got right up. It was morning.

This power never spoke to him until four years were over. One time his child was sick and he wanted to help his boy, but he had not been spoken to yet. He prayed in different ways. He did his best but he couldn't do much for the child, who kept getting worse all the time. Finally he hired a San Carlos Apache who knew a ceremony. This man held a ceremony for four nights. The power which the San Carlos knew told him that the father was going to have a ceremony to heal, but that he could not use it yet. This San Carlos Indian said to the father "Your power is stronger than mine. You hired me and you can cure the child yourself. But I will do my best to help you, for you believe in me." He helped him that much and the child got well.

One night, a little more than a year after this, he was wondering why the power had not spoken to him yet, when something struck his tent and shook it. It hit the tent from the four directions, from the sunrise first and around to the north. Then the tent moved way up in the air, it seemed. It did it four times that night.

The next day he was going after his horses to water them. He hunted and hunted for those horses until close to sundown. He was tired out and started to go back when a whirlwind came up, went to the four directions, came toward him, and disappeared. As he stood there he heard a voice calling him by his own name. "You have been thinking of me all night. The things you have seen are to tell you it's time for you to practice the power you received in the holy place where you have been. You've lost your horses and have been walking all day. Your horses are a little way up the right-hand canyon. Soon they will come up and shake their heads and rub against you. You can take them to water."

His horses came and he watered them and turned them loose. He got back to his tent and thought of his power. He took out the object given to him in the holy home and marked it with pollen of the cattail. Then he lifted it up to the four directions and prayed with all that was in him. His wife and children watched but did not know what he was doing.

He was being shown by his power what to use in his ceremony and what to avoid. People who had power were shown to him in groups. One group had less power, another more. He saw himself with the group that had greatest power. He was shown a big eagle flying toward him, about to pick his children up. His power told him that this did not mean that the eagle was going to take his children away but that they would have power of some kind when they got older.

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Above him he saw different people, whites and Chinese, and others. He knew they had power, a different kind of power. Among his own people he saw people who had the same kind of power he had; they were healers and shamans.

While it is not impossible for a snake ceremony to counteract other ailments, it is most often used to cure snake sickness:

At Hot Springs there was a woman who was kin to me. She was just a little bit of a woman, but she knew the ceremony of the snake pretty well. During the time we lived at Hot Springs, P., my brother, and I went out to shoot birds with our arrows. We went to a prairie-dog town. My brother, who was older than I, was watching birds, and he ran into a snake. The snake bit him on the kneecap, and he couldn't walk. He fell right there. P. ran to tell our family, and I stayed with him.

As soon as he heard what had happened, my father went to get this woman. They came and carried my brother to camp in a blanket. He sweated and sweated.

Then the old woman came over. She said, "Well, I'll try it." First they had to give her turquoise, and she told my brother to mark her. He marked her foot with a cross of pollen and went around to her shoulders, chest, head, back, and down the other side the way they do. Then she could begin. [431] [788]

She put pollen on the boy and put it to the directions. She put some in his mouth and made a cross of it where he was bitten. Then she sang. She used no drum. . . . . She sang snake songs. The boy lay in front of her. She started in the afternoon and sang until sundown. She sang like this during the day for four days. [788]

After she sang her songs she called on the biggest snake, the most poisonous kind. She said to it, "I want you to take your poison back. Put it back in your heart. I have sung your song and said your prayer and have done just what you told me to do. Now I want you to do what I say and not bother this poor boy." She didn't suck the wound. After calling on the snake she laughed. "The boy will be all right," she said. "Snake hears me."

The swelling went down, and he got well. She told him, "You will never be bitten by a snake again."

During the ceremony she said many things about snakes. She said that Snake has legs, four of them, but that no one except those who know Snake can see them. They are of turquoise, made like a ball, and he rolls along on them. That's why Snake likes turquoise. When a man is sick from Snake, the first thing he must do is give her turquoise. A woman must give her white stone. She said that Snake likes turquoise and pollen. He likes to eat pollen. She said that she could take pollen and put it there and sing, and a snake would come from the grass and eat it. [431]

I saw her perform many ceremonies. Sometimes she would sing and rub saliva on the place where the person was bitten, and the swelling would go down right away. [752]

1:Opler E-5 (1931-1937)1941
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[186] We don't like the turkey for food because it eats insects. We think it is nasty. When I was at Fort Apache my relatives used to tell me, "Don't go around white soldiers, don't go around Chinamen. They'll feed you hog meat and turkey meat, and these eat nasty things, anything at all." I never heard that turkeys eat snakes, but they eat worms and nasty things. The Chiricahua hardly even eat quails. When they get hungry, some just have to eat birds like the dove. They may eat these when they have to, but they don't like to do it.

That all are not of one mind concerning the inadvisability of using the turkey for food is suggested by other statements, however. Said a member of the Eastern band: "The Hot Springs people eat turkey all right. Some other Indians say it lives on bugs and won't eat it, though."

Evidently the effort made to get turkeys varies too. According to one informant: "They are shot with arrows when they are seen, but they are not hunted; there is no special trip to get them." From others, though, come accounts of organized attempts to flush them: "A group of men goes along a creek to scare turkeys. Another group will be about one-half mile away on the other side where they think the turkeys will fly when frightened. They wait there and when the turkeys appear, shoot them with arrows and club them."

[533] Most informants agree that the dove is edible. One man, before singing the "dove song" of the moccasin game,[4] told a story that seems to support this:

[539] The dove used to talk. It was making a nest. Then it said it was going to paint its legs red. "Here in this nest that I build, my little ones will increase. I will go out and look for something to eat for my young ones. Anyone who kills me will be obliged to eat me." It painted its legs red so as to be easily recognized. Since then these birds have been used for food.

[857] Small birds, such as snowbirds and sparrows, are the targets of boys who are perfecting their skill with arrow and sling. Often the boys build a fire and roast and eat their kill at or near their base of operations. Rarely, except in times of dire want, do adults set out on bird hunts. Occasionally, mounted men chase quails to exhaustion and thus secure them in quantity. Some shoot ducks and geese for food, but not everyone will do so, for

[4] See p. 453.

1:Opler E-5 (1931-1937)1941
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The round dance takes place after the war dance at the return of the party. It can come at day or night. The dance is to show that they hate the enemy. The men are in a knot in the center and go around the fire with drums, singing. The women are in a circle outside facing toward the men. They dance in a sunwise circle. The men go around too. They sing songs about raid and war, like: 727 535 727 533 539

Whatever you have brought back with you,
Give me some of it.

This is a sample of the songs sung; they have to do with what happens on the warpath. Another of these songs tells of one who got out on a war party and then got separated from the others. In the words it says:

I've been wandering around,
Wandering around;
When I got home,
Everyone had moved.

The partner dance, in which the woman is free to choose a male partner, follows the round dance, just as it does the nights of the girl's puberty rite. Again the women are paid by the me who have danced with them. One informant claims that the obligation to pay the dance partner is fundamental to the victory celebration, when the men are in possession of booty, and that the gift-giving following the dancing of the puberty rite is an outgrowth of this custom. "The only time men paid for social dancing in the old days was when they returned from the warpath," he asserts. "They did not pay for dancing with women during the puberty ceremony in the old days." 727 535 465 [178] [881]

In the fourth dance of the night, as at the girl's puberty rite, a line of men and another of women face each other and alternately approach and separate. 727 535 [881]

A Southern Chiricahua informant mentioned one other dance which he claims sometimes took place at a victory celebration. This he calls "holy singing walk." As he describes it, a single line of individuals, with men and women alternating, extends spokelike from the fire and swings around it sunwise: "They dance this when they come back from a war party, after the 'fierce dance.' There are no partners to it. Religious songs go with it; this is more of a religious dance." [533]

There is no evidence that conventional morality is totally dis-

2: Castetter and Opler N, E-5 (1931-1934)1936
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The native ideology concerning plants illustrates this conception of the objects of the natural world and the care taken to handle them properly. A plant with smaller ones of the same kind surrounding it is called "a mother and her children." A dried tree is known as "an old lady with grey hair." Some plants are "brother" or "sister" to others. Sotol is considered a male, the "brother" of *Yucca glauca*, the female element of this particular combination. Therefore the transverse pieces at the back of the cradle-board must be made of sotol stalk when the child for whom the cradle is designed is a male, and of yucca when it is being prepared for a baby girl. Likewise is this distinction kept in mind when the fire-drill is fashioned, the hearth being then of the yucca and the drill of sotol. Whenever an Apache digs up a root to be used for medicinal or ceremonial purposes, he always prays and puts the top of the plant back in the hole.

Life and conscious aims are attributed to natural forces as well. The Apache conception of thunder will serve as an example. Thunder is thought of as people and thunderclaps are the voices and shouting of these people. Lightning is the arrow of the thunder people and these arrows reach the earth as the elongated flints which the Apache find throughout their territory. At one time the thunder people hunted for the Apache and slew deer for them with these arrows. But those days are past and now the arrows of the thunder people are reserved for any who act disrespectfully to the thunder people or otherwise disobey the injunctions of Apache life. When the lightning flashes, the Apache says, "Let it be well, my brother Lightning," or "Strike high, my brother." When the lightning hits close the relationship is altered to make the prayer more appealing and the Apache says:

> Continue in a good way.
> Be kind as you go through;
> Do not frighten these poor people;
> My grandfather, let it be well;
> Don't frighten us poor people.

3:Opler E-5 (1931-1937)1946
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121 754 128 plasticity of supernatural power, namely, that power may be used for good or evil depending on the character and design of the shaman. Moreover, they suggest that, according to the Chiricahua view, evil may arise either from the malevolence of man or from the advantages which evil power offers man if he will agree to be the instrument of the forces of malice. But it is plain throughout that sorcery can operate only through man and that consequently evil cannot flourish as long as humankind resists it courageously.

The last episode is included, despite its modern elements, because it is a good example of what takes place when new symbols [178] are substituted for old without a change in the basic thought and attitude pattern.

754 787 • 539 1. *The Power of Sorcery Is Offered to a Chiricahua*

A friend told me he had a chance to be a witch. This was at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.[1] He was sleeping in his house alone at night. There was a window right by him. It was dark. He heard somebody get in and walk around every night. He'd lock up carefully, but he'd hear the window and door rattle and someone get in.

This thing appeared to him inside the house one night. An old woman and an old man came in naked and stood by his bed.[2] They were no persons he knew, just spirits. He was talking to them. While they were talking, a young boy and girl came in entirely naked and stood before him. And they told him, "We came over here to give you power to be a witch."

He says he talked to them. He said, "How am I going to be a witch?"

He told me later, "My friend, it's no wonder that when you suspect a witch you can't find out about him. It's right in here in the middle of the tongue. They told me to stick my tongue

[648] [578] [577] 1291 [835]

[1] This story dates back to the time when the Chiricahua were held as prisoners of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, after being removed from their territory in the Southwest.

[2] Shamelessness, nakedness, and incest are associated with sorcery on the grounds that only witches would be guilty of such excesses.

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out. They had pollen and said, 'Stick your tongue out. We'll cross your tongue with pollen and then anything you say you want to happen to a person, like wanting him to be killed, will happen that way.' I said, 'Go away, leave me alone! I'm a poor man. If it doesn't do good for my people, I don't want it.' I refused it, and they all opened the door and went out. But the next day the door was locked."[3]

He said, "That's why a witch will say, 'All right, if I'm a witch, find it. Take it out and I'll admit it.' You'd have to take his tongue out. You can't find it on him, but it's there."

That's what he told me, but I doubt that he refused it. Some say he is a witch. Everybody knows his father was a witch.[4]

2. *The Leader Who Refused to Sacrifice a Man to His Power*

This is a story of the early days. This man was a great warrior. I've forgotten his name; my father knows it; all the old men do. This man was a great shaman in the right way, otherwise he would not have done what he did. This man was leading man of the warriors. He had charge of a big group of them. He seemed to know through his power what was going to happen.

One time his power said, "In a day or so you are going to get into action against the enemy. I have helped you in many ways with beneficial power; now you have to do it the way I want it. I want the bravest man in your group. I want you to give that man to me to be killed."[5]

[3] Pollen, especially pollen of the tule, is much used by the Chiricahua in ceremonial contexts. The cross, symbolizing the four directions, also appears frequently. Power, either for good or evil, may be accepted or rejected by the individual approached. Witches are usually charged with using material objects, such as the bones and hair of the dead, in their nefarious enterprises.

[4] This man was most indiscreet to admit that evil power had been offered to him. Witches and witchcraft are so generally and irrationally feared that even to hint of exposure to such temptation may make his friends and relatives uneasy and suspicious. If public opinion ever turns against him, his account may be distorted and used to his disadvantage.

[5] To control much supernatural power is not always an unmixed blessing, the Chiricahua believe, for power, after helping a shaman for an extended

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He answered, "I will do no such thing!" He was a brave man himself. He got angry at his power. He said, "What were you from the beginning when you first spoke to me? I like to see my people increase in population with what power you give me to help me along. I love all my men, my warriors. They want to live in the world as long as they can. I love all these people, women and all. If you were a witch from the beginning, why didn't you tell me? I don't like witch people; I won't have witches talk to me. You promised me that it was all good for my people and myself.[a] You didn't say that I'd have to give my people every now and then." He was arguing with his power, you see.

The power told him, "I have helped you a lot. I have gotten you out of danger and helped you in many other ways. And now I merely ask you for a man to pay for that, and you won't let me have one!"

The Apache said, "That's all right, I guess, but my habit is not that way, and I'm not going to do it. If you mean to save yourself a whole lot of trouble just take me. I love all the men. What have they to do with this power? If you want to take anyone or have anyone killed, take me."

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period, may one day ask for "payment." Such payment might include a request that a relative or friend of the shaman be sacrificed. The complicity of the shaman, then, amounts to failure to warn the friend of the impending disaster or failure to use his influence over his power to dissuade it from the deed. The power works obliquely and takes its victims through sickness or during battle.

[a] The shaman is hinting that this power must be evil rather than good. The Chiricahua conceive of the duality of supernatural power. Power may be used for good or for evil. In the latter case it is considered witchcraft. The impetus for the use of power for evil may come from the power itself, as in this story, or from the shaman. Sometimes a shaman will not consent to act as a tool of evil power; sometimes a source of power will desert a person "through whom it works" because that person wishes to use it in unsavory connections. For a summary of these beliefs see Morris Edward Opler, "The Concept of Supernatural Power among the Chiricahua and Mescalero Apaches," *American Anthropologist*, vol. 37, no. 1, 1935, pp. 65–70 and *An Apache Life-Way*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1941, pp. 242–257.

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They were talking during the day. The power said, "All right, I'll give you tonight and all day tomorrow. Tomorrow night you tell me what you are going to do."

The next day he called all his warriors and all his group together and all gathered around him. He said, "My brothers and sisters, what I have known for you people I thought was good. But at last I find out it is witchcraft. Last night I was fighting with my power. In another day or so we are going into battle. And my power told me to give up one of the very best warriors, the bravest man, the best man. I told my power, 'I will not do it. Just take me. If this ceremony is evil why didn't you tell me in the first place?' Power is angry with me, and I'm angry with him. My power told me to answer today or tonight and tell what I'm going to do."

He promised those Indians he would not do what the power requested. He said he'd rather pay the death himself. He said, "In a day or so we're going into battle. I may be killed then, for I will not give up one of my men. We've got to have this battle. We can't escape it. And I'm going to pay the death myself, but no one else will get hurt. Go ahead and fight the battle." He was a brave man.

Night came. He began to dispute with his power again. He wanted his way and Power wanted his. Finally his power said, "Well, then, I'll take you."

He said, "All right, for you're not going to have your way."

So the next morning he told the Apache again that he was not going to live more than a few days longer.

After another day or so they got into battle, so they claim. It was a hand-to-hand fight with guns, close. All the Indians fought faithfully. They killed many of their enemies. This shaman was the only man killed on their side. He was shot right in the forehead. That happened a long time ago.

3. *Old Dick Cures His Friend*

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There was a man who had power in a different way. He, too, could heal in many ways and he performed his ceremony against

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sickness. If the sick one was witched, he would not try it but would tell to whom it was best to go to have it taken out.[7] If it was just a matter of sickness he could do it himself.

This man, while he was in Oklahoma, was riding along. He did many things he ought not to have tried. He took out objects of witchcraft. This Apache's power warned him not to touch the witch and not to try it. He was told he was going up against a rock he could not go through. He saw a big tree in the open. The tree asked him to move it to a place he liked better. He could not do it. It was just like that. And Power showed him in another way. It showed him a mountain. He asked it to move, but it would not move. It was like that. He did not have the power to do it.

"We cannot bother witches," his power told him. But he went on and held the ceremony. He held it for two days. At the end of the two days he tried to pull it out.[8] He was up against it. He couldn't do a thing.

His power told him. "You're going to take it out next time but you're going to give your life for that boy."[9]

So he pulled it out. But it stuck in him. And the ceremony was over. The boy got well, but in four days this man got sick.

One friend who loved him hired a very powerful man to cure him. Everybody knew this man. He was Old Man Dick. Dick sang over him for six days and couldn't get him back to his senses. Then he got very angry. The last ceremony of the seventh day and night he said. "I'm going to send my power to help the one who is going away from us, and I don't think he will go away."[10] And he can have my power and we'll carry on together and do nothing but good in this world."

[171] [7] In other words, he acted as a diagnostician in cases of witchcraft. That the Navaho had diagnosticians is well known; that they existed also among the Chiricahua and other Apache groups is less well understood.

[8] Shamans cured the victims of witches by extracting from their bodies objects of witchcraft which had been "shot" into them by the evildoers.

[9] That is, he succeeded only in transferring the cause of the sickness from the boy to himself.

[195] [10] A euphemism for dying.

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The seventh night when Dick got back to his camp he got after his power. The power said, "Don't get after me for a little thing. I know what's the matter with him. I know what to do for him. He's all right. He's not going away. His power put him in trouble. He can keep that or throw it away, but he can also have me if he wants to, and he and you can practice this ceremony and do good among your people."

Then on that seventh night Dick studied it and sent his power that night. Then they saw Tuisga sitting up. He was much better. They called for Dick. He knew what it was. When he came into the house he marked the house with pollen, marked the people present, and marked Tuisga.[11] At daybreak Tuisga was lifted up by the power.

While this was being done Dick was praying. He prayed and prayed and said, "All present, don't become frightened. You'll see something with your eyes." Then from high up you could hear something falling. It came from the sunrise and hit the roof. The house trembled.[12] They heard an object hit on the south side. The house moved. Then from the west side an object fell. The house seemed to quiver. Then from the north side, and they thought the roof was coming off this time. All were quietly praying.

Then Dick did something else. He asked that flour gravy be brought and given to this man. Tuisga was very hungry and weak. He hadn't eaten for sixteen days.

"Now," said Dick, "I'm going to sing one song with four verses, and everybody is going to dance whether he likes it or not.[13] And you women can call when you hear White-Painted Woman and Child-of-the-Water mentioned at the first verse."[14]

[11] Pollen, usually obtained from the cattail tule and symbolizing health, growth, and vitality, was a most sacred substance for the Chiricahua and was omnipresent in ceremonies. Marking the patient, the people, and the place with pollen is an act of blessing and purification.

[12] The Chiricahua Apache ceremonial circuit is sunwise, beginning with the east, the most important ritual direction.

[13] The dance may function as a prayer in Chiricahua ceremonialism.

[14] The ceremonial call of the women is a high-pitched ululating cry.

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After the fourth word Child-of-the-Water will be mentioned. At the sixth word White-Painted Woman will be mentioned. Then you dance and after the singing let him eat the gravy." Everything came out the way he said.

Then they wanted to hear Tuisga sing. Tuisga started to sing himself. Tuisga said later, "Neither of us remembered one word of that song afterward. That was a supernatural song. Power was practicing it on me. I did not know it. Through it they were healing me."

After the ceremony everyone was glad.

I wasn't there at this time. He told me the story night after night, for he wanted me to be a shaman. He said, "You listen to this. It's worth while. And some day you will know the ceremony and be telling it like this."[15]

4. *The Witch Who Made Off With a Horse*

Enti was a Central Chiricahua, but he was always traveling around.[16] Once he came to the camp of Old Chihuahua, the Eastern Chiricahua chief.

Chihuahua asked him, "Have you seen any Indians on your way here?"

"No."

"I wonder where they are. There used to be many Indians all through there. Maybe they've been driven out of there. I hear you have power to find people and to see the enemy. Suppose you hold a ceremony for us tonight and look for us."

[15] Stories concerning the acquisition of a ceremony and its successful use are part of the stock in trade of the shaman. In order to insure cooperation and respect from his patient and the on-lookers, he usually prefaces the ceremony proper by such accounts. For an expansion of this point see Morris Edward Opler, "Some Points of Comparison and Contrast between the Treatment of Functional Disorders by Apache Shamans and Modern Psychiatric Practice," *American Journal of Psychiatry*, May, 1936, 1371–1387. A ceremony, subject to the approval of the power which is its source, may be passed on by a shaman to another person, and when it is so transferred it is necessary that the novice hear and learn the lore associated with it.

[16] The word *en'ti* (i nasalized) literally means "witch" or "sorcery."

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At first Enti said no. But they begged him and he agreed to do it.

That night, after dark, he started. He sang two songs. Then he stopped. He began to shake. He moved out into the brush as though he were being led.[17] In a few minutes he came back.

"My power tells me that you are to stake a fat horse to the east. And on him there must be a good saddle blanket and a saddle and a gun and ammunition. I don't know why this is required. When it is done I'll have to sing more and find out."

"Has anyone got a good horse to put there?" asked Chihuahua. One young man had a fine white horse and he offered to bring it. Another brought a saddle, and soon everything that was asked for was there and the horse was staked to the east.

Then Enti started singing again. He sang two more songs. Again he began to shake. He went around the camp and then his power led him out to the west. The men sat and waited for his return. They waited a long time and still he did not come back.

"I wonder what happened to that fellow," said Chihuahua.

"I'll bet he went over to that horse," said another.

"You had better run over and see," Chihuahua told him.

The man ran over there and, sure enough, the horse was gone.

When Enti got away with this horse he headed for Natazi. He came to the encampment of Cochise.[18] Enti had some kind of love ceremony and they say he had that whole camp crazy. He got away with six women. Then he heard that Cochise was after him and he ran off again. He came to Hot Springs country where my family lived. But Cochise and a group of men came after him. Cochise was a real fighter and not many stood out against him. They caught Enti at Hot Springs and

[17] In ceremonies to locate the position of the enemy or to find lost objects, the power is expected to move the outstretched arm or the body of the shaman in the proper direction.

[18] Cochise was the leader of the Central Chiricahua band. His son, Naiche, co-operated with Geronimo in the Indian War of 1886 which ended in the surrender of Geronimo to General Nelson A. Miles and the exile of the entire Chiricahua tribe from the west for 27 years.

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791 539 they tied him up, hung him up in the sun so he couldn't move. They were going to kill him there.

But some of the Hot Springs people asked Cochise about it. They wanted to know why he was treating this man like this; they wanted to know what Enti had done. Enti was sweating there in the sun and he was all cramped up from the way he was tied. "Kill me if you are going to and have it over," he told Cochise.

"Never mind, we'll take care of you when we're good and ready," Cochise told him and went off with some of the Hot Springs people, explaining what Enti had done over in his country.

While Cochise was away telling these things to some of the Hot Springs men, my father came along. He had been drinking and was feeling pretty happy. He saw Enti hung there, twisting and suffering from the heat. He took his knife and cut the ropes. Enti jumped on a horse and got away again. This was the time he came to Mescalero country. Cochise was certainly angry when he found out Enti was gone. But he was afraid to get after my father, for my father had many friends there.

Enti was finally killed at Mescalero. He made many enemies. Every time he got drunk he would tell someone, "I'm a witch and I'm going to kill you." So one time they killed him.[19]

He knew that Enti was his name. They called him that right to his face.[20]

787 539 ### 5. *The Man Who Signed Up With the Devil*

It's a very nasty thing I heard about a certain man. This happened about 1913, the spring of 1913, twenty years ago this month. Everybody says this fellow is a witch. He got sick

[754] [19] There is considerable evidence that there were Chiricahua Apache who believed that they could harm or kill fellow tribesmen whom they disliked by means of supernatural power and who made threats and boasts concerning such activity, usually when under the influence of intoxicants.

[551] [578] [20] A Chiricahua will address a person by name only in anger or in an emergency situation. The implication here is that this man was occasionally called by this unsavory name in anger.

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toward spring sometime, and he pretty near died. It was pneumonia, I think. He told the story to others, and they spread it all right.

He was unconscious and out of his mind. He was out of his mind, but he wasn't dreaming. His relatives thought he was going to die. When he was out of his mind, he was somewhere else, as he told the story. He said afterward, "I saw the place where the dead people go. I was on a high mountain. On the side of the mountain there was grass, yucca, and rocks." His relatives were crying that he was going to die. He was already out of his mind and in the other place they said.

He said he felt that he was dying, and all at once he opened his eyes. He was sitting there and then he began to slide. He grasped the grass. He saw a big shoot down there.[21] He was part way in, just hanging on the edge.

Something said, "Look down there; that's where all the dead people are."

This man said, "I looked down there and saw all kinds of beasts down there. It's a big round cave. It's dark down there, but after while I saw bones. The animals, lions and others, were just waiting for me to fall." It's very, very peculiar, but it's the way he told it a few months before we came to Mescalero. He looked down and was holding on to the edge. The voice said, "Those are dead people's bones; those animals eat up the flesh."[22]

He did not yet know who was speaking to him. He just heard a voice. And he could hardly keep from sliding in there. It was a deep pit, nothing but solid rocks.

The voice said, "Look at me."

This man said, "I looked up. There was the Devil standing

[21] The aboriginal Chiricahua belief is of an underworld which the dead reach by falling through a hole in the earth's crust onto a cone of sand below.

[22] The punishment of the dead in the afterworld is an idea traceable to Christian doctrines. The aboriginal Chiricahua conception of the underworld pictured a land of plenty and contentment, with no judgment of the departed.

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Chiricahua

787 776 539 [775] with horns and a tail with spears on; a red Devil, and every time he spoke, fire came out of his mouth.[23] The Devil told me, 'There's only one way you can be saved. You have to promise me that you'll be a faithful worker for me. Are you going to do it? If you say no, you're going to fall straight down and go to those beasts.'"

Then he replied, "Yes, I promise you I'll be a faithful worker for you if you will let me live in the world once more."

The man said, "All at once the Devil says, 'All right, stand up on the bank,' and he disappeared for a while. And then came the Devil with a high table and a big book and red ink. And he put the table there, and the book there, and I was standing right there. And he commenced to open the book, all written with red ink. He said, 'You see those men living here. Those are my men. They are living on earth. They are signed up with me already.' He kept turning the pages and came to the list of names. It was a big book and there were many pages to fill still. The Devil said, 'If you promise me you will do everything in this world that is wicked, if you will engage in mean ways and all that, I'll let you live a long while.'"

And they claim this man said, "All right," and signed up with him. After he signed his name the Devil disappeared. Then he opened his eyes. He was back on earth. His people were all crying and shouting.

He said, "What are you crying for? I'm not dead."

From then on he got well. He's a good worker too.

[178] [578] [23] In this account the Devil takes the place of evil power of older Chiricahua traditions and prolongs the life of the man who agrees to do his bidding. Needless to say, the person who made these allegations is a political and social enemy of the one who is accused of "signing up" with the Devil.